Assisi of Saint Francis

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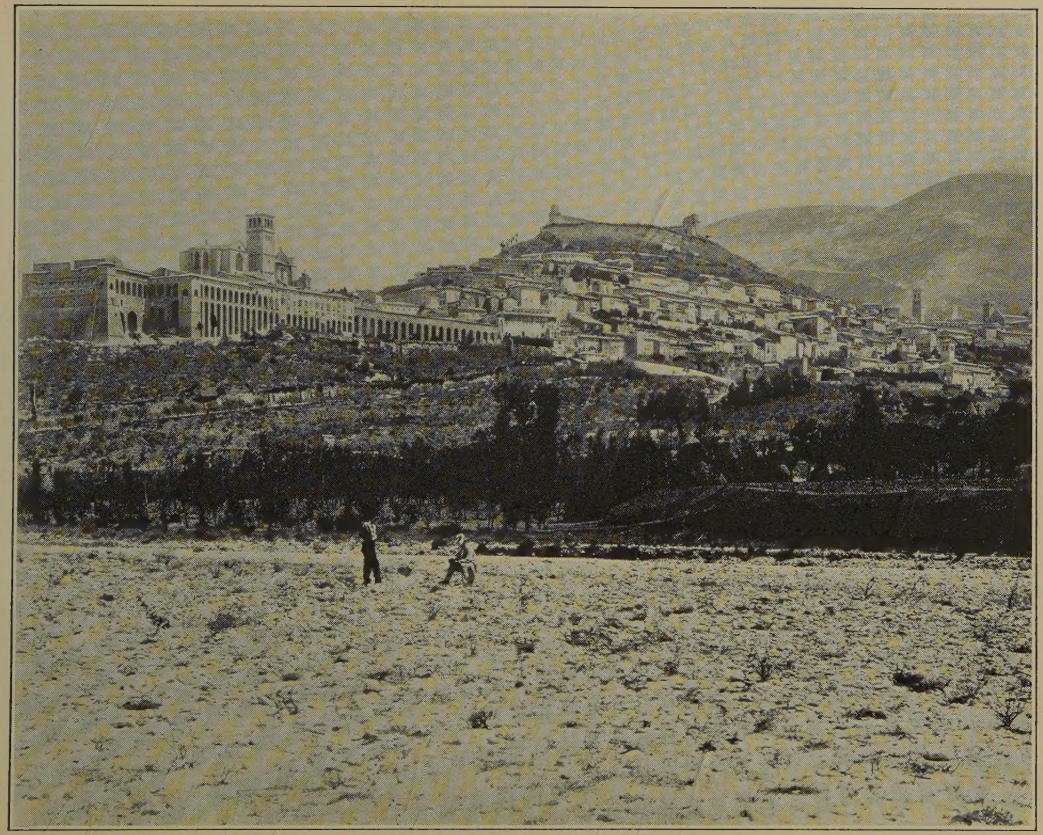

ASSISI OF SAINT FRANCIS

and Other Essays of Italy

By

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TO

MY MOTHER

Foreword

ON October fourth, 1926 the world observes the seven hundredth anniversary of the death of Francis of Assisi. He was a saint of the Catholic Church; he was the founder of the Franciscan order; he is counted great among great men. There are many reasons for his greatness. But one very sufficient reason is that he loved his neighbor as himself; of self-seeking he knew nothing. To-day everyone loves Francis: not alone in Assisi, where pilgrims walk along roads that knew his steps, but everywhere, for he is everybody's saint, this troubadour of God in the long ago.

It is to share in the gladness of the septacentenary that I am led to republish these impressions of Italy. In the various chapters I have attempted to interpret Assisi and several of the other Italian cities as they have revealed themselves to me. In this effort I have joined an ever-increasing throng. For centuries Italy has woven a spell over those who have traveled through her domains, and they have offered their

homage in prose and verse, fashioning their praises to the pattern of personal affection. This ecstasy of delight is inevitable, it would appear, for perhaps no land can requite the spirit's seeking as can Italy. To multitudes it has seemed that Italy's romance is the most fascinating, her magic the most enduring, her very name bound the most vividly with the golden dreams of men. Italy, better perhaps than any other land, can relate the throbbing life's full day, the toil and the feasting, the war and the peace-song, the striving and the triumph. In all the world there is but one Dante, chanting in *terza rima* the mystery of the after-life; only one Michelangelo, the supreme master of arts; only one Francis of Assisi, poet and artist in his vision and work of love.

The chapters of this book originally appeared as essays in *America, The Catholic World,* and *The Catholic Educational Review:* I wish to voice my obligation to the editors for their kind permission to reprint. It is also a pleasure to acknowledge to the officials of the Metropolitan Museum of Arts my appreciation of several gracious courtesies.

J. F. W.

June, 1926.

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I

Assisi of Saint Francis

IT is morning in Umbria. The fair white light from the unveiled sun is flooding all Nature with its brilliancy, and bidding all Nature's life to be merry with the day. Little birds are conversing in soft trilled speech; the leaves on the great trees are stirring as in a waking from dream; all the grasses by the road are green and graceful, and they bear no envy of the blue and gold summer flowers that color the meadow land. Over there, not far away now, stands Monte Subasio, and on the hillside, clustered together like the jewels of a queen's coronet are the shining walls of a little city. No once-great republic is this, fallen to decay, like the island Venice-state, no one-time boastful emulous city, as Pisa was, but a peaceful, silent little town, famed as Venice never can be, securer in renown than Pisa will hope for in the thousand centuries

yet to bloom. For over there, resting on the brow of the hill, radiating a tranquil joy and a smiling contentment down the valley, lies the town of Assisi, the city of Saint Francis.

Not to Assisi comes the traveler to regard the ruins of buried majesty; he cares little for the Roman life that succeeded more ancient days, or for the struggles against Goths and Lombards and the great Charles, or for the sturdy political vigor that came with the building of the Middle Age castle; nor again does he bend aside from the main-trodden road to behold the works of gifted artists. But he comes here, the understanding visitor, craving a breath of that mystic sweetness that knows its own home in Umbria, asking the boon of companionship with the valley and the hills and the skies that knew Francis, and that speak of him now, and of nothing but him. Just as a mother lives on, who has watched a lovely child grow to manhood in truth and honor, and then has seen him die—lives on, though her life is a dream of days past, with thoughts centred about the man that was and is not: so Assisi,

which has given her best to the world, still tarries, and looks to no future dissociated from the memory of her sainted son. For him who comes here asking a better gift than Francis, Assisi smiles in pity; and rarely she pitifully smiles.

Seven hundred years and more have come and gone since the infant son of Pietro Bernardone was christened Giovanni in the cathedral of San Rufino in Assisi. There was no great stir in Assisi in this year of 1182 when the little babe was carried to the font, nor later, when Pietro, home from France, called his child "Francesco." Why should there be? Other merchants, too, had sons, and one more scion only meant another youth to grow up, don armor in time, perhaps, and fight the endless battles of the Middle Ages.

And they were right, so it seemed. For during his youthful years Francis apparently was like the other carefree young men of his city. He loved song, he spent money, he was a leader among his fellows. Still in his gayety there was always a sensitive refinement, a choice reserve; in his nature there was a fine idealism, a joyous, unde-

fined ambition to do great things, to win fame and to win it like a knight. And so his indulgence in joy was never one that brought a wounded conscience. In another land and at another time he might have followed a King Arthur. In Italy it was the voice of the troubadours of Provence that he hearkened to, for they sang love into his heart, and fired his soul with deeds of chivalry.

Now this was laudable enough. But dreaming is the blossom of youthtime, and sometimes the full-blown flower never sees the sun. Still if no splendid knighthood, envied before the world, was to await him, at all events Francis saw the field of battle. For in those young days of his the Assisians were involved in an internal quarrel, the Commune being at odds with the feudal nobles. The nobles invoked the aid of Perugia, and she, already grown proud and powerful, perhaps not altogether in a spirit of altruism took up their dispute against the Assisians. Assisi was beaten, and in a battle near the Ponte Giovanni in 1202 Francis was held a prisoner by the Perugians.

From the joyful life in Assisi to the confinement

of a Perugian prison was indeed a contrast for Francis as complete as one might conceive. But through it all he was lighthearted and uncomplaining. His fellow-prisoners wondered, but they did not understand him. He scarcely understood himself. But here in prison he was finding himself out. He was thinking of life, his life; of fame and honor and place. His was an imprisonment which unlocked his dreams. And he came home in 1203 with his mind full of high resolve.

Not yet, however, was he to enjoy the liberty he had missed so long, for a fever attacked him, and he lay for days on his shaded couch, quiet and still, with the pall of death ever hovering near. And in these days came to him the first whisperings of another nobility, a chivalry without lances, a knighthood without the gilded mail. But health came again, and with it the quickening demand upon his energies to be about the business of man—and the whisperings were in silence.

About this time Walter de Brienne was leading papal armies against the German. Here was the

chance for Francis to win his glory, and he started out for the battle line. On the eve of his departure a dream came to him as he slept, and he awoke at morn convinced that fame awaited him. On the next evening he lay down to rest at Spoleto, the beautiful hill city to the south of Assisi. But before he slept, the voice, not of angels, as in the case of the maid of Domremy, but of the Lord, called him and bade him return to Assisi, and wait—simply wait. So he went back, to wait. This was the end of the youth's earthly knighthood. The spurs of gold were not for him.

He took up his old life, met his friends, came to the banquet-feasts, and sang the songs of old. But there was a difference in him now. His soul was no longer in the song, there was no joy for him in fine raiment, and a rapt expression on his face, as of interior communion, was often noticed by his companions. "Art thou in love, is the beautiful maid ever in thy thoughts?" they would say to him. "Yea, I am in love, and shall take a wife more beautiful and noble than ye have seen,"

he once made answer. The bride-elect he meant was Lady Poverty.

With this public avowal of his love the son of the rich merchant became more and more the prayerful man and the friend of the poor. Outside the city he would go, and in the solitude of the silent hills he would pour out his heart to his Lord. And one day he set out for Rome, a pilgrim to the Vatican hill; and he came back to Assisi with the new life pulsing more faithfully through his heart, and God's poor more than ever his chosen friends.

During all this time he was not forgetting the Voice that had spoken at Spoleto; and he was waiting, and waiting undismayed, for he knew that an hour would come when the message would be made plain. There was to be little delay now. It chanced one day that he was praying in the church of San Damiano outside the city walls, a frail, crumbling little edifice. As he knelt before the altar, a voice, as it were from the crucifix, said to him, "Francis, go and repair My church which thou seest is falling." Francis was startled, but

he made reply, "Gladly, Lord, will I repair it." And more than ever did Francis feel his progress toward the new chivalry, for the Lord, his Prince, had singled him for His service; and he went upon the quest right joyfully and in peace. Taking a stock of cloth from his father's shop, he set out on horseback for Foligno, some ten miles away, and sold both stock and horse. Then he walked back to the church and offered the money to the priest for the repairs. The priest refused so much money, but was kind to Francis and permitted him to remain.

Pietro Bernardone did not like the turn things were taking. He heard of the sale of his stuffs at Foligno; he heard that his son was living at San Damiano; and he thought it high time that all these eccentric notions should cease. But Francis betook himself to a cave, and hid himself. Then full of self-reproach for that he was a coward, he came into the streets of Assisi, where he was jeered and stoned by the curious crowd. Poor Bernardone the elder was now disconsolate that his name should be a byword in his own city,

and he took Francis home and locked him up. But the Lady Pica was a gentle woman, and had sympathy for her son, and when her lord was departed, she released Francis and saw him go back to San Damiano.

Still, Pietro's heart was filled with wrath; he had had other plans for his son, and the hermit's mode was no part of them. He again sought Francis, and he declared that if Francis did not forsake his strange ways he must renounce his inheritance; and that the money his son had taken at Foligno he must give back. Now it was easy for Francis to forego his share in the estate of his father; but the money he considered no longer his, as he had dedicated it to the church of San Damiano. Yet his father would not have it so, and in his bitterness he brought the youth before the Bishop's court. The bishop decided that Francis should restore the money, and bade him trust in God. So Francis returned the money to his father, and stopped not there, but gave him as well the clothes he wore, saying to those in the court-room, "Till now I have called Pietro Ber-

nardone father, but now I say, 'Our Father, Who art in heaven.' " The Bishop gave Francis a servant's cloak, which he put on, after drawing upon it with chalk the sign of the cross. And his father went home with a sorrow that equaled his exceeding bitterness. Thus on the sixteenth day of April, in the year 1207, did Francis wed the Lady Poverty, pledging his troth as a Galahad knight to the end.

He went out into the Umbrian springtime with a tumultuous joy in his soul. Soon he was begging for the repairs at San Damiano, where he abode, and he was carrying the stones with his own hands and helping with his own labor in restoring the little church. And the lepers, whom he once had mourned for, he visited, and shared his love with them. About this time, too, when San Damiano had been rebuilt, he began to repair a second chapel, and then still another wayside church known as the chapel of Santa Maria della Porziuncola. For this chapel of Saint Mary of the Little Portion he felt a very tender love. It was away from the city, amid the flowers and

near the woods, and in its quiet he would pray for hours. The repairs here were finished by the end of the year 1208, and now a priest would sometimes come and say Mass. One morning—it was February twenty-fourth, 1209 — as Francis listened to the words of the Gospel, he heard the priest read, "Going, preach, saying: The kingdom of heaven is at hand. . . . Do not possess gold, nor silver, nor money in your purses; nor scrip for your journey, nor two coats, nor shoes, nor a staff; for the workman is worthy of his meat. . . ." A great light flooded the soul of the spouse of Lady Poverty. It was the message again from the Voice heard at Spoleto, this time carried to him by the monk of Subasio. He cast aside his shoes, laid down his staff, made for himself a robe in the shape of a cross, and girding himself with a rope, went forth to preach. For he had received his final charge, the last glad bidding to devoir on God's field of chivalry. He needed no other sign. And here in his new retreat of the Porziuncola he thanked the Lord in the joy of a heart's contentment.

The Assisians ere this had ceased to ridicule Francis. Their old laughter had changed to reverence; and in a few weeks Francis was no longer the solitary hermit of the Porziuncola, begging his day's bread at the doors of his father's friends. For ever will knightly souls follow a worthy leader whither he will. So they came to follow in his steps, Bernard da Quintavalle, a wealthy merchant, Peter Cathanii, a doctor of laws of Bologna, and Giles, a man of refined perceptions. These were joined by others, until there were eight in all. And they were out, all eight, two by two, in different paths, to preach the message of Love. And when they were together again, Francis told them of a vision he had had of a multitude of men coming from the nations of the world, eager to join their ranks and take up the knighthood of the Christ.

Four more were with them now, and for the new Apostolate Francis wished the spoken command. His call to knighthood he had received of God; but he wished to offer himself and his company to the Pope, pledging himself and them to

fealty and daring-do. So they started for Rome, singing in prayer as they went, for the followers of Francis were blithe of soul, never melancholy and tearful of the day. Down the valley and over the hills they walked, a cheerful, valiant, wonderful brotherhood, stopping when the even came and the stars began to cluster in the sky. In this fashion did they reach the Eternal City. Innocent the Third after some thought approved the plans of Francis, and sent the little Order forth. Joyful as the troubadours of Provence, hopeful as the questing knights of Camelot, they bade farewell to the tombs of the Apostles and went away from Rome, seeking the pleasant pathways back to lovely Umbria, and the friendly walls of Assisi. Forth they had gone, poor travelers, loving the poor, the lowly, the sinner. So, too, they came back, their work approved, their preaching welcomed, a courageous, happy twelve, with the fire of truth burning in their veins, and the prophecy of future world-conquest making perpetual song in their souls, these first pledged

sons of the Friars Minor. Francis of Assisi had redeemed the ambitions of his youth. . . .

Some of these thoughts of the long ago may come to you as you climb the hill and turn your steps toward the monastery of San Francesco in Assisi. Allow your imagination to sweep over the years of Francis's labors as you rest a moment in the shadows. If you are learned in Franciscan lore, you will remember, too, how the Lady Clare accepted the Franciscan poverty; you may think of the meeting of Saint Francis and Saint Dominic in Rome; of the Indulgence of the Porziuncola; of the formation of provinces for the work of the Order; of Francis's preaching the gospel in the Sultan's camp at Damietta; of his struggle to keep the old ideal before the swelling ranks of the Friars. Perhaps you will recall how he instituted at Greccio the devotion of the Christmas crib; how in 1224 the Stigmata came to him at Alvernia; how the gift of divine song made him an Italian poet; how at last Francis came back to Assisi to die, closing his eyes to earth in the Porziuncola of his love.

Assisi's cloistered heights. It is a beautiful structure, this monastery which Brother Elias built to the memory of Saint Francis, a great basilica, graceful and strong, its long white lines wonderfully dazzling against the blue-green hills, and dominating as nothing else does all that huddled pile of pink and white which is Assisi. The church is a double one, an upper and lower edifice. The lower is a world of shadow, while the higher church is brilliant with color and glow. Both contain much art worth studying, especially the work of Cimabue and Simone Martini and Giotto's famous frescoes depicting the life of Francis and the vows of the Franciscan order. But it is the crypt of the lower church which is your especial goal, for it is here in the candle-lit gloom that the body of the saint lies.

Coming out of this church, you gaze over the city and up at the mediaeval castle far above. A little wandering through the streets will bring its reward. You may enjoy the remnant sweetness of the Cappella dei Pellegrini, and look upon the Portico of the temple of Minerva, or stop a

moment at the Chiesa Nuova where once stood the house in which Francis was born. Perhaps you will pay a visit to the cathedral of San Rufino of eleventh century origin, where Francis was baptized, and the Emperor Frederick the Second, too. You will surely enter the thirteenth century church of Santa Chiara, where in the tomb the body of Saint Clare lies, still uncorrupt, and where you may see the crucifix which gave the bidding to Francis at San Damiano. Some day, very likely, you will go out to San Damiano, just beyond the Porta Nuova, but now you are probably thinking of the other shrine dearer to you than all you have seen, than San Francesco's monastery even, for it was dearer to Saint Francis than all the places else in the world—the Porziuncola.

So you will retrace the two miles you have come, with the cool shade of the olives a grateful boon and the lovely views toward Perugia a benison to the eyes that seek beauty. The journey will soon be done, and you will be standing beside the domed church of Santa Maria degli Angeli.

The Porziuncola rests beneath the dome of the beautiful church which Galeazzo Alessi planned in the sixteenth century. One cannot now tell with exactitude how the little oratory first came to be. But there is a pretty story told of its origin, which ought to be true, and perhaps is. In the days when Saint Cyril was Bishop of Jerusalem, four pilgrims went out from Palestine to visit the tombs of the saints in Rome. When they had achieved their object, they went northward into Umbria, looking for a retreat full of peace and joy. And here near Assisi, in a plain by the edge of a thick woods, they built the chapel, and dedicated it to Mary. But the memory of home was sweet, and they longed for Palestine; so they took the homeward ways. As the years went on, the chapel served as a refuge for many a solitary holy man. And the story runs that Saint Benedict, walking through the land, came upon the chapel, and finding it in a sorry state, restored it, and begged a little piece of ground to build a cell upon. He then gave the chapel the name of Saint Mary of the Little Portion, and sent monks

thither from Monte Cassino. Believe the legend, if you will. If it is not true, then another, just as Umbrian, is.

It is a simple little edifice, just the chapel you would expect to meet in some cool pathway of mediaeval Assisi, when you were weary of the journey from Perugia and would fain rest before coming home. Francis surely loved it, and who will wonder? It was here that he heard the fair clear call to the battle-field; his knighthood's vigil was spent before this little altar. You will be full of Franciscan reverie here to-day, and you will not lose its spell if you admire the beautiful terra cotta work of the della Robbia, for in its lovely simplicity it bears kinship with Francis's soul.

From the chapel you may pass across the great church aisle to the tiny cell in which Saint Francis died. It is seven hundred years now since the great Assisian, everybody's saint, felt the earth's gladness and the sun's warmth for the last time. But it seems close here, very close, that long ago morning of the third of October, 1226. "Wel-

come, Sister Death," he murmured; so the gentle, knightly, worn-out leader gave salutation. No fear here, no unwillingness to meet the Light. And while the sun was slipping away in glory behind the green hills of Umbria, and the evening larks were gathering about in merry tuning, Francis went away. Sister Death had come, and hand in hand they walked softly through the last Valley. Unnumbered thousands have stood in reverent mien before this little cell where their Saint died, and God alone knows how many have wistfully wondered whether, when their summons comes to join the myriad thronging, they, too, will have the courage and the faith and the hope to call, "Welcome, Sister Death."

The rare beauty of Luca della Robbia's statue of Saint Francis asks you to stay here; but you have yet to visit the Cappella delle Rose, which Saint Bonaventura erected over a cave in which Francis was wont to pray; and you will wish to see the rose garden, where the presence of Francis one night of old turned thorns to eternal flowers.

With the thought of roses you come out of the

church and view the Assisian landscape. Far down the long road you can almost fancy you see the city's saint trudging wearily along after the day's labor for the bread thereof. But he would be very cheerful withal, for his other-worldliness knew no more detachment from song and laughter than it did from the spirit of practical, helpful charity. In truth, of all the saints none has understood the needs of human nature better than he; in that rare understanding love and gifted sympathy for his fellow none has ever surpassed him. And not only did his genius for friendship make appeal to his companions and listeners, of whose thoughts he was so sensitively intuitive, but it most singularly won the beasts of the field and the sweet-voiced little birds. In any reckoning of men truly great who loved their fellow-men Saint Francis is among the leaders. In the court of this world, which he loved and valued only as a twilight shadow of the next, he was God's own gentle knight. . . .

It is evening in Umbria; sunset time in Assisi, about the hour that Francis departed the world.

The little city over there on the mountain spur wears a peaceful, happy face after the day's life; a bit somnolent now, as a child is when its busy joyous day is over. The after-light of the sun still touches the dark-red roofs and the white walls with a mellow glory born of centuries of love. The half-shadowed masses of Monte Subasio towering behind the city walls are watching all the country-side in the majesty of their age-old strength. And as they watch, they seem to be bidding all the beautiful valley to lie quietly and rest, and to remember the voice of Umbria's saint, the happy troubadour of God in the long centuries ago. The valley will remember.

You, who have been remembering all day, perhaps will depart with the twilight. Your soul is richer than the dawning knew it, richer for all Assisi has given to you, richer for Saint Francis. You believe that you understand his life the better now; his gentle spirit of humility is less a stranger in your heart. And the little city herself, ruddy in the pink evening flame, will remain with your thoughts while love and faith and hope stay in

you, and the voice of beauty and truth. Little Assisi, symbol of simplicity, will call to you through the years as the song of sweetest chanting through a lovely night; in ecstasy she will tremble on your memory even as the fair fresh face of a youthful friend; and never a star will shine over a silent summer world but will beckon you back in spirit to the far-resting Bethlehem of Umbria, whose message has blessed the long centuries, and whose whisperings still conquer the world.

II

Perugia

WHEN on some fortune-favored afternoon you stand on the garden terrace of the old papal citadel in Perugia and look down over the valley and the wide-circling Apennine hills, you will be living an hour which may be reckoned among the choicest your years will give you to enjoy. There is no picture in the world that can fill the imagination more nearly to satiety than the prospect here. Look at all those billowy little hills below you, with their wonderful silent cities. There is Assisi blossoming like a flower on Monte Subasio, like a flower of Saint Francis, who has given her eternity; and there is Spello, an exquisite vision in brown and grey; Foligno is there, offering her charm to you, a lovely mosaic that you would fain possess; Trevi smiles sweetly in the growing distance; farther away rise the towers and spires of Spoleto, with

Monte Luca's dark forests behind; and a thousand feet beneath you sweeps the soft Umbrian plain, bejeweled all marvelously with the flashing waters of the Tiber. If you came from the south you saw all the way this Tiber valley, and you beheld the Umbrian fields stretching out before you, and if you came to Perugia by the direction of Orte, you saw every one of those delicately-tinted cities emerge singly from the wooded landscape, spreading out their gifts of palace and temple in a light of glory. You caught their names in hurried glancing as you flashed by the little stations. How like unto music were those names, how full of melody the trilling Italian syllables, as you pronounced them, Spoleto—Foligno—Spello—Assisi. And now you behold those cities again, the whole necklace of beauty, in the linked sweetness that is Umbria. Is it not worth the coming, even from the Capital of the world?

When one comes into this central land, one's fresh memories of senates and peoples Roman begin to meet faded recollections of knowledge of another people, older than the Romans, and

wealthy, cultured, and powerful enough in their day—the Etruscans. The Etruscans are one of those races of men whose origins seem to lie enshrouded in mystery. But however little the modern historian knows of the Etruscans, no cloud hangs about the fact that they overspread the valley of the Po about the eleventh century before Christ. Over the Alps, perhaps, they came, but at any rate they coveted the fair plains of the south, and made easy victory of the peaceful Umbrian dwellers in the warmer lands. In time they became powerful on the sea, and rivaled Greece and Phoenicia in commerce. Many towns and cities they built, the mud huts of the vanquished peoples giving way to the brick houses of the more civilized strangers. North of the Apennines their greatest city was Felsina, the present Bologna. On this side of the mountains Veii enjoyed chief distinction. But Perugia, too, was an Etruscan stronghold, the city of Perusia, when Roman sway was owned in the year 310 before Christ. Before this date naught is known of

Perugia; and thus did Rome bring many a fair city beneath ancient Clio's ken.

Perugia next came into prominence in the war between Octavius and Antony, being destroyed by fire by one of her own citizens in the year 40 before Christ, after Octavius had penned up some of the legions of his enemy within the town and had reduced them to the starving point. But Augustus rebuilt the city as a military colony, and so the town became Augusta Perusia. When the empire tottered and the Goths were at hand, Perugia, sustained by the counsels and encouragement of Sant' Ercolano, her bishop, resisted strongly, giving Totila a hard battle, and enduring a notable siege before falling. In 592 the Lombards were lords of Perugia, but the Byzantine empire soon recovered the city. In 749 King Rachis of the Lombards laid siege to the city, but Pope Zacharias succeeded in turning him away from his purpose of conquest. When Pippin came, he made a gift of the town to the pope. About the year 1000 there was established in Perugia a Commune, which for a full century was

in warfare with the neighboring cities of Chiusi, Cortona, Assisi, Todi, and Foligno. As time went on, Perugia became mistress of most of Umbria and a part of Tuscany. She was a Guelph city, and during the thirteenth century often gave residence to the popes. In 1375 the town revolted against Pope Gregory the Ninth. Soon after, the feud between the Raspanti, the popular party, and the Beccarini, the nobility, paved the way for a short season of rule by Gian Galeazzo Visconti. In the fifteenth century there were bloody contests between the Baglioni and the Oddi families. In 1520, after Gian Paolo Baglioni's reign of tyranny, Perugia again came under the immediate jurisdiction of the pope. In 1540 revolt once more broke out, but it was overcome, and Paul the Third built a fortress in the city. Julius the Third gave the citizens back their liberty in 1553. Peace was in the city now for three centuries until 1848, when the town rebelled and destroyed the fortress Paul had erected. For a short time in 1859 there was a provisional government, but Perugia's modern history came

to a close in 1860 when the King of Sardinia added the city to his dominions.

But the visitor to Perugia to-day does not wish to remember her wholly as the city of battles that she was; rather as the great patroness of Umbrian art, the possessor of Perugino and Pinturicchio. So he will very early in his stay wish to go to the Collegio del Cambio and the Palazzo del Municipio.

In the hall of the Collegio del Cambio, the old Exchange of the city, are to be seen the noted frescoes of Perugino, the great "space-composer." These he executed in the years 1499 and 1500 at the invitation of the Priori to decorate the Cambio. The virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity are on one wall; on another are the cardinal virtues of Wisdom, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance; and among them may be seen the portrait of Perugino painted by himself. In this decoration of the Udienza del Cambio one finds the poetic quiet, the gentleness of appeal, the delicate beauty, the religious ideal, and the dreaming

spirit, that characterize all the finer work of Perugino.

Close by the Collegio del Cambio stands the Palazzo del Municipio, the building in which Perugia's art gallery is housed. It is a most magnificent Gothic structure of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. At the entrance which faces the Corso are figures of the three patron saints of the city. Over the portal looking toward the Duomo are the bronze Guelphic lion and Perugian griffin, and chains, in commemoration of the defeat of the Sienese in 1358. On the third floor within is the Pinacoteca Vanucci, where one may study the entire school of Umbrian painters. Among the most notable works here are the frescoes of Benedetto Bonfigli, the "Nativity" of Fiorenzo de' Lorenzo, the "Madonnas" of Perugino, and the "Annunciation," among other pictures, of Pinturicchio. It was the two last named painters who gave a high standing to the Umbrian school. They painted in various cities of Italy, giving some of their best art to the Sistine Chapel at the Vatican. And every visitor

to the Pinacoteca will remember that it was Perugino who guided the youthful ardors of the great Raphael.

In the spacious piazza in front of the Palazzo del Municipio rises the beautiful Fonte Maggiori, erected at the end of the thirteenth century, with reliefs by Niccolo and Giovanni Pisano, and not far from it the bronze statue of Pope Julius the Third, which Vincenzo Danti made in 1555. Across the wide area stands Perugia's Duomo, the cathedral of San Lorenzo.

The cathedral is a Gothic edifice begun in the fifteenth century, but never reaching exterior completion. Within the church there is comparatively little to hold the lover of art. Beroccio has a "Deposition" in the chapel of San Bernardino, and in the same chapel is a fine sixteenth century window. The noted miracle picture, "Madonna della Grazie," rests above an altar near by. In the winter choir near the right transept is an excellent "Madonna with Saints" by Luca Signorella. In the left transept is a tomb in which

repose the remains of Urban the Fourth and Martin the Fourth.

There are many other churches in Perugia, but they do not contain all the works of art which they had in days of the past. In a chapel of the monastery of San Severo is Raphael's "Trinity," the first fresco he painted as an independent artist after his first stay in Florence. Near the fair little Renaissance church of Madonna delle Luce is the Oratorio di San Bernardino, with its splendid many-colored façade by Agostino Ducci. This oratory was erected in 1461 in memory of Saint Bernard of Siena, who preached peace and love and purity to the Perugians, when they were in the temper of civil strife in the early fifteenth century. Near the beautiful Porta Sant' Angelo one will observe the thirteenth century circular Romanesque church of Sant' Angelo, standing on the conjectured site of a temple of Venus. One will also admire the Gothic beauty of the little church of Sant' Ercolano erected near the Etruscan walls in the year 1200, on the spot where Sant' Ercolano is thought to have suffered martyr-

dom from Totila. Some short distance away stands the church of San Domenico, originally built in the Gothic style in the fourteenth century, from plans of Giovanni Pisano, perhaps, but rebuilt from Carlo Maderna's designs in the seventeenth. It is worth visiting for Giovanni Pisano's fine Gothic tomb of Benedict the Eleventh, the fifteenth century stained glass in the choir, and Agostino Ducci's terra-cotta statues.

From here one will proceed and pass through the beautiful Porta San Pietro, soon coming upon the church of San Pietro dei Cassinesi, the first cathedral of Perugia. It was originally built in the year 963 by San Pietro Vincioli of the Benedictine order, but has been restored since that time. What one will find most interesting here are the eighteen ancient columns of granite and marble supporting the nave, Bonfigli's "Pietà," an altar-piece by Mino da Fiesole, five lovely half length figures of saints by Perugino, in the sacristy, and the finely carved stalls in the choir.

A few other things are not to be missed in Perugia: the Arco d'Augusto, which is an Etrus-

can town gate, bearing the inscription "Colonia Vibia Augusta Perusia"; the Torre degli Scirri, the sole survivor of the family towers of the thirteenth century; the Etruscan, Roman, Mediaeval and Renaissance objects in the museum of the University; and, three miles outside the Porta San Costanzo, the famous Etruscan tombs of the Volumnii.

In your walks about Perugia it is her strength and her sternness that reveal themselves rather than any wonderful beauty; she is set high on a hill, secure against the world, and for her beauty she is content to think of the master works of Perugino and Pinturicchio, whom she nourished, and of Raphael, in the growth of whose glory she wishes not to be forgotten; for her beauty she is satisfied in the wondrous painting of the valley of Spoleto which stretches out before her, unfading and indestructible in the eternal plain of Umbria. Above this fairest art of the vale-world she sits in watching, all the live-long day; above it all she dreams in a magic of music beneath the stars, Perugia, the princess of the hills.

III

Siena

SIENA is a memorable city. Many a time long after you have come and gone you will see yourself again in the evening hours looking upon that old town: the houses, pink and white and brown, climbing the hill and gathering close on the way; a church spire at the foot, another half way up, a staircase street, a palace pinnacle, a monastery wall, and crowning the summit of the rise the dome and campanile of a world-famed cathedral. You will see the green valleys falling away low from the circling city walls, and, across their undulating breadth, on the gentle hills the dull-grey olive groves and the dark heaven-pointing cypresses, and far away to the south a great mountain, and all the ways between the pitiful plain of desert wilderness. A city, strong, fair, peaceful, lonely.

To come to Siena from the south is to come to

the first large city of Tuscany, to a city that would fain be what Florence is, the greatest of the Tuscan towns, the queen of Tuscany. The traveler will ponder her annals well ere he comes to her castle gates, if he would find her gladdest welcome and win her rarest smile. For else Siena is a picturesque city, a painted vision, a delicate, rosy tapestry town seen in a palace of art. And Siena is more than that, infinitely more —though she is supremely that, as well.

Siena, Etruscan in childhood, was granted Roman citizenship in the year 90 before Christ, and was colonized by Romans in the days of Augustus sixty years later. With the progress of Christianity Siena assumed the distinction of a bishopric, and all through the early centuries and the Lombard period the people looked to the bishops for guidance and protection. With the empire again established, the bishops were the natural guardians of the people against the barbarians and against the nobles who occupied the feudal castles outside the city, and after a time, in the eleventh century, the Emperor was glad

to have such potent representatives in Siena. To maintain order, it was of course necessary for the bishop to have an armed force which he could call upon when needful. In time this body of supporters had their representatives, called consuls, in the government of the city. Then the power of the bishop as a temporal lord dwindled, and after the death of Countess Matilda of Tuscany the Commune developed, with the entire people gradually crystallizing into a body politic. The Commune was recognized by the Emperor in 1158, and mainly on account of her rivalry with Florence, Siena became the Emperor's vassal and ally in Tuscany, a Ghibelline stronghold in the land.

So stood Siena at the opening of the thirteenth century. The rest is war. Her subsequent history is one of almost continuous battle with Florence, each contesting the other's every plan for domination, until finally the Lily flowered upon Siena's soil. Various little cities, strategic and economic vantage points, figured in the struggle, Stoggia, and Poggibonsi to the north of Siena,

Montepulciano and Montalcino in the south. About these districts the quarrel centred, sometimes Florence winning, sometimes Siena, until 1235, when, barely able to hold her own walls, Siena was glad of peace. She now reconstructed her constitution, and installed as a new government her Council of the Twenty-four, chosen equally from the nobles and the people.

For fifteen years Siena enjoyed peace. But when in 1250 the Emperor Frederick the Second died, the Ghibelline cause lost a powerful support. Florence, with her two-fold foe in Pisa and Siena, thought to humble one, Pisa, by withdrawing her commerce from Pisa's port and transferring it to Talamone. Again there was war, Pisa, Siena, Pistoia, and Arezzo combining against Florence, Genoa, Lucca, and Orvieto; and the latter won, and there was peace again. In 1258 Siena received the Ghibelline exiles from Florence, contrary to the terms of the amity of 1255. This action meant battle; and battle came, one of the famous battles of the Middle Ages, Montaperto.

Siena sought and obtained the services of

Manfred, Frederick's son. With such an added enemy Florence was obliged to assume the aggressive. After a few indecisive engagements in the summer of 1259, the Florentine army set out toward Siena, halting in the valley of the Arbia, near the castle of Montaperto; and on the second of September the leaders sent ambassadors to Siena, demanding immediate surrender. The Twenty-four replied that Siena would meet Florence on the field. Then the Sienese, in a wonderful outburst of religious enthusiasm, gave themselves and their city to the Lady Mother of God, entreating her in their extremity. And headed by the clergy, they marched in long procession through the city streets to the Duomo, where they confessed their sins. On the next morning all the men went forth to fight, the women remaining in the city in fasting and prayer.

The army marched all that day, praying as it went, the troops of Siena and the auxiliaries Manfred had dispatched. That night they camped opposite the tents of Florence. At morn came

the fury of battle, and the victory was all with Siena. Her German allies had fought well, and there was treason in the ranks of Florence. Siena was now avenged for Florentine insolence. She could have leveled Florence to the ground, but she pursued her victory no farther, and came home.

For a brief hour Siena was happy in Tuscany. But the ascendant Ghibelline cause died with the last breath of the Hohenstaufens, and the hour was over. Florence had victory at Calle in 1269, and the Guelph party also became uppermost in Siena, instituting in 1282 a government of fifteen merchants which was to last for three-quarters of a century. Through these years bitter faction continued within the city, the conflicts between the Bianchi and the Neri bringing papal excommunication on the city. Siena suffered also the woe of a plague in 1348, in which she lost thirty thousand of her people. In 1355 the nobility united with the commons in revolt against the merchant government, and set up a new government, consisting of twelve nobles and

twelve plebeians; but the factional fighting did not cease. In 1387 Montepulciano rebelled. This action brought with it a war with Florence, Gian Galeazzo Visconti coming to the aid of Siena. In 1404 Siena withdrew from Gian his power in the city, and came to peace with Florence. In 1480, after a series of civil quarrels, the city fell under the strong autocracy of Pandolfo Petrucci. In the following century, Siena, wearied and worn, her game of life and liberty played to the finish, yielded to the ever-waiting Florence, Duke Cosimo the First achieving the conquest in 1555.

This is the little story Siena has to tell you before you enter her gates; then will she right gladly bid you welcome.

Siena is built on a trinity of hills. Where their bases meet and dissolve into union, there is formed a level space, fair and broad and sunny, known as the Piazza del Campo. If you will open a fan wide, very wide, so that one edge will form a goodly curve and the other two sides an almost continuous line, you will have a picture of this piazza. It is girt about by tall red brick

houses, which seem to be dreaming of all the life of old that was lived on this piazza, when it was the real seat of Siena's public doings. It is very quiet now in this open space. Siena's days of great council are over; and only once a year, on the Feast of the Assumption, when horses run in the Palio, does the paved area awake and the palace walls re-echo the shouts as they gave them back in the buried long ago. But when one comes to Siena, it is well to come here first, because for all its peaceful mood to-day, it is the heart of the city, and in many ways the loveliest of her charms.

Before the piazza rises the Palazzo Pubblico, a Gothic structure of brick and travertine, one of the most magnificent palaces in Tuscany. It was built in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and seventeenth centuries. To the left of the palace stands the Cappella della Piazza, begun in 1352 as a votive offering after the Black Death of 1348. Near the chapel is the Torre del Mangia, which soars aloft to the altitude of three hundred and thirty-five feet, a slender, beauteous bell-tower, which has not more than one rival in all Italy. Within the

palace one may see in the Sala del Mappamondo the vast fresco of the "Madonna and Child and attendant Saints," a work of Simone Martini; and close by his fine portrait of Guidoriccio, the Sienese condottiere; and Sodoma's frescoes of Sant' Ansano and San Vittore and the Blessed Bernardo Tolomei, the founder of the Olivetan congregation. In the nearby chapel are Taddeo Bartoli's delightful frescoes of scenes from the life of the Virgin Mother. In the Sala della Pace are to be viewed Ambrogio Lorenzetti's famed frescoes, depicting in allegory the results of good and bad government. In the Sala dei Cardinale, Spinello Aretino's frescoes of scenes from the life of Pope Alexander the Third are worthy of notice.

When you leave the palace, there should be but one resolve in your mind, to reach the cathedral. And so you will turn into the Via dei Pellegrini, pass the Palazzo del Magnifico in the little Piazza San Giovanni, and so up the street-steps to the Piazza del Duomo. Here, resting in the still, mighty space of sunlight, on the highest hill of Siena, dominating the whole city, and presenting a

vision of beauty to every street and palace and garden, rises the splendid Gothic cathedral of Santa Maria Assunta.

Surely it is the place for a temple of worship; one is not surprised that tradition has held this site to have been sacred to Minerva in the days before the twilight settled over the pagan world. Other Christian churches had been here, too, before the Sienese erected this cathedral. Begun in 1229, the cathedral was finished as far as the choir by 1259, and the dome placed in position in 1264. But the Sienese were not altogether happy over their church. Perhaps they heard of other cathedrals in Tuscany that would be larger; perhaps they felt that Siena was building too meanly. At any rate in 1315 they built beneath the level of the church a new baptistery, and began a choir over it. But in 1339, dissatisfied with results, they purposed to cease adding to the old church and to construct a new one, of which the old edifice was to be merely the transept. Soon they found that it would be impossible to use the old church, and decided to make a fresh beginning. Then

the Black Death of 1348 came and passed like a blighting phantom, and Siena was a weak and downcast city, little able to spend wealth on her grand ambition. The new work, moreover, had been ill-planned, and would have to be done again. So, probably with many a keen regret, they abandoned their dream, and what would have been the largest and most beautiful Gothic church in Italy remained an unreality. Work now recommenced on the old cathedral. The choir was completed in 1370, and the façade in 1380; the six-storied campanile is also the work of the late fourteenth century. In dimensions the cathedral is two hundred and ninety feet long, eighty feet broad, and one hundred and sixty-five feet across the transepts.

As one stands before the Duomo and looks upon the imposing façade, one is reminded of Orvieto's church; and rightly so, as it was inspired by the front of that southern cathedral. A study in red, black, and white marble, it is perhaps a bit overladen with decoration, which, instead of strengthening the effect, weakens it and removes

much of the beauty that a simpler design would have preserved. Still it is a striking face for the church, and it presents a fair splendor to the beholder from the piazza.

Within the edifice all is wonder. In half-bewilderment do you move down the spacious aisle toward the altar, looking upon the rows of columns of beautiful white and black marble, and beyond them at the walls which display the same alternate banding, gazing upward upon the series of busts of the Popes beneath the cornices over the arches. It is strange; it is unforeseen; and it is beautiful. More strange still, more unique still, and more exquisite still, is the pavement beneath your feet, that rich mosaic nave, the precious result of two centuries of loving toil.

When you look for other art treasures here, there is no disappointment, for the Duomo is wealthy in this wise. At the nave entrance stand two lovely holy water basins, the work of Federighi, one of the many mosaic-workers of the pavement. Up the nave in the choir stands the high altar designed by Baldassare Peruzzi, with

a bronze canopy by Vecchietta. The richly-carved choir stalls and reading desk are most interesting. In the right transept is the magnificent Cappella del Voto, added to the cathedral in 1661 by Pope Alexander the Seventh, and built as a shrine for the picture of the Madonna del Voto, to whom Siena pledged herself before Montaperto. It contains statues of Saint Jerome and Mary Magdalene by Bernini. In the Cappella San Giovanni on the left transept is to be seen a fine statue of John the Baptist by Donatello. On the left aisle you may see an altar with statues long thought to be the work of Michelangelo, and, most precious of all, the octagonal white marble pulpit built in 1268 by Niccolo Pisano, with the aid of his son Giovanni and other pupils. Completed eight years after the pulpit in the Pisa Baptistery, in its reliefs it shows a progress in artistic genius.

From the left aisle you seek an entrance to the Libreria, erected in 1495 by commission of Cardinal Francesco Piccolomini, afterward Pius the Third, in memory of Pius the Second. The en-

trance wall is decorated by Lorenzo di Mariano. Over the bronze doors is a fresco by Pinturicchio representing the coronation of Pius the Third. Ten frescoes depicting scenes in the life of Pius the Second brilliantly adorn the interior of the Library. They are the best work of Pinturicchio, and fine examples of the art of the Renaissance.

Leaving the church now, you proceed to the museum of the old Opera del Duomo, to see many objects of art, but especially the noted altarpiece, "Majestas," a Madonna which Duccio, the founder of the Sienese school of painting, finished for the Duomo in 1311. Then will you visit the Baptistery, descending the steps to the Piazza di San Giovanni.

This baptistery lies beneath the choir of the cathedral, and is now the parish church of San Giovanni. It has a beautiful façade in the Gothic manner, which is, however, still in an unfinished state. In the exquisite interior the central object of interest is the great font completed in 1432 by Jacopo della Quercia, the master sculptor of Siena. The bronze reliefs decorating the font

are by Turino di Sano, Giovanni di Turino, Lorenzo Ghiberti, Donatello, and Jacopo himself. Jacopo also executed the statue of John the Baptist, and the five reliefs of David and the Prophets. Thus did Florence unite with Siena in the creation of beauty.

Such is Siena's cathedral glory. And now, after a visit to the church and hospital of Santa Maria della Scala, will you leave those city heights by the Via del Capitano, faring past the column in the Piazza Postierla, which bears a figure of the wolf of Siena, and onward into the Via San Pietro, where the beautiful Gothic Palazzo Buonsignori stands, to the church of Sant' Agostino. In the church are three masterpieces, a "Crucifixion" by Perugino, a "Massacre of the Innocents" by Matteo di Giovanni, and an "Adoration of the Magi" by Sodoma.

In all your wanderings through Siena the Piazza del Campo can be made a proper starting point. Often will you leave its spacious ways for the tortuous, hilly streets, and you will grow familiar with every white stone pillar and the

red brick pathway and the fair faces of the many-windowed palaces. One day in your facile search for beauty you will leave the piazza by the Via Rinaldini. In a moment will you reach the Palazzo Piccolomini, perhaps the finest Renaissance palace in the city. It was built in the latter half of the fifteenth century for the father of Pius the Third, but is now used for public offices and as an archive building. In the piazza stands the Loggia del Papa, which Federighi built for Pius the Second in 1462, assuredly a delight to the eye.

Passing the modern building of the University, you follow the crooked way that leads to the church of San Cristoforo and to the churches of Santa Maria di Provenzano and San Francesco, all of which have their memories and glories to invite the stranger; as also has the Oratorio di San Bernardino in Sodoma's frescoes and in ceiling decorations.

Of course it is in the Accademia di Belle Arti, just off the great Via Cavour, that you will expect to see the largest collection of paintings. There

are, indeed, about seven hundred pictures here, nearly all of which are the work of Siena's own artists. Arranged in order of time, the eleven rooms present a study in development during the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. Duccio di Buoninsegna, who bears the same relationship to Siena that Giotto enjoys in respect to Florence, is not represented in the Accademia by his best work, the "Majestas," which you will remember to have seen in the Opera del Duomo; but there are other works of his here. Elsewhere also—in the Palazzo Pubblico—have you seen the work of Simone Martini, Duccio's greatest pupil; there is none of it here. Pietro Lorenzetti, Simone's pupil, has many works here, and the art of Lorenzetti's brother and disciple, Ambrogio, is also seen in these galleries, as well as the work of Bartolo di Fredi, Andrea Vanni, Taddeo di Bartoli, Paolo di Giovanni Fei and his pupil Stefano di Giovanni, known as Sassetta. Sassetta's pupils, Sano di Pietro and Vecchietta, continue the work of the fifteenth century, which also produced Neroccio di

Londi, whose masterpiece, "Madonna and Child and Saint Jerome" is a delight. Matteo di Giovanni has several pictures in the gallery, and Girolamo di Benvenito, both of whom were among the last painters of the fifteenth century. When Sodoma painted, and Pacchiarrotto, the sixteenth century had come, and the old Sienese school of painting had seen its closing.

Visions of these color poems follow you as you leisurely walk through the avenues toward the Liza. But here the cool winds and the green grass and the garden invite you to Nature's art, and you willingly acquiesce. Down through the pleasant parkways you continue even until you reach the old Forte Santa Barbara which Duke Cosimo the First built in 1560. From the ramparts is that fair view you will long remember of this city of almost unreal beauty, watching into the sunlight and the blue sky, her graceful cathedral tower gleaming marvelously over all the palace town. And as you stand here long, thinking of the days when Siena was more than a relic of glory, your musings may lead you far out be-

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yond the Porta Ovile toward the little hill of Capriola where the convent of the Osservanza sits in silence. On another day you will go out there and revive your memories of the convent's founder, San Bernardino, Siena's illustrious Franciscan son, who preached in Tuscany and Umbria and all Italy in the first four decades of the fifteenth century.

And yet, you need not leave the city gates to be brought to a realization of Siena's holy ones, for not far away, close to the ancient Fontebranda, waits for you the Casa Benincasa, all eagerness to help you appreciate that Siena is the city of Saint Catherine. It is the house where on March 25, 1347 she was born. The rooms are all made into oratories now, which contain relics and paintings, and Neroccio's excellent statue of the saint. A short distance from here, in the Piazza Mazzini, stands the large fourteenth century church of San Domenico, which in a special way is Catherine's, as she was a Dominican nun. It has much that will hold one's interest, notably

the Chapel of Saint Catherine, adorned with the frescoes of Sodoma.

Perhaps the church of San Domenico is the last thing you will visit in this city. In any event when you leave the triple-ridged town that watches so quietly and gently over the Tuscan plain, you will carry with you multiple memories. Siena is indeed a city that you cannot forget. She has lost the power that she won in the dreaming past, but she is still the same city of loveliness glistening on the height, and gazing yearningly and hopefully on the soft-blue delicate beauty of Mont' Amiata in the leagues and leagues away.

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IV

Florence: The Soul of Tuscany

I THINK I would have you reach Florence for the first time in the late night, as I once did. Midnight had just echoed itself away, and the Campanile bells were still. Not a tremor quivered through the great chimes, not a murmur of vibrant music lingered in the air. I was alone with the night in Florence, under the shadow of the great Duomo. Over me no crescent moon was beaming, but the lacy clouds were fled, and the stars, clustering million-myriad, twinkled in glad delight in the blue. I fancied, as I looked up to them, they fain would speak to me and tell me of *bella Firenze,* of the lily-city, and the wonders that lay in her clasp beneath the midnight and the sky, under their own beaming eyes in the heaven. The Duomo, la Cattedrale di Santa Maria del Fiore, its elder and younger sisters, the Battistero and the Campanile,

were wrapped in peaceful night, waiting for the sun. Watchers of the shadows, first welcoming heralds of God's new golden day, they stood in their centuries-old station on the spacious piazza, listening to my echoes as I went away, even then knowing my happiness when the morrow would bring me back. Come to Florence in the night-time, in the starlight, if the moon does not serve —and let the magic work. Glimpse the Duomo when the town is still and the shadows eager to weave their spell. Then you may drive toward the stately Lung' Arno, where your Florentine days and nights will meet, toward the welcome of the pleasant avenue windows you will call home.

It will be very quiet and hushed on the Lung' Arno. No sound will break the stillness, save perhaps the lonely, distant whistle of the train speeding through the valley toward Rome. Through your open window you can look out upon the river, the slow-moving Arno, which is spectral in the lamplight, and which to-morrow will turn brown in the brilliant day. In medita-

tive watching you will linger until sleep finally wins you away from the contemplation of your new love, from your first pale glimpses of the old river of Florence.

If your dreams have any kinship with wakeful musing, you will dream the remaining hours of a beautiful city, of an artistic city, that knows of her own beauty, and that is not unconscious of her artist soul. You will dream a dream peopled with a varied company—the thinking visage of a master poet slowly passing across the scene, the countenance of the supreme art genius of the centuries, and the impassioned features of an inspired preacher-idol. These three—and they will be surrounded by eager, young faces, by serious, mature faces, faces of those who have given Florence fame and linked her in spirit with the choicest days Athens ever saw. Dante, Michelangelo, Savonarola; Giotto, Fra Angelico, Botticelli; Fra Filippo Lippi, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Fra Bartolommeo, Andrea del Sarto; Arnolfo di Cambio, Brunelleschi, Alberti; Ghiberti, Luca della Robbia, Donatello, Cellini; Machiavelli,

Galileo, Vespucci; the great Medici, Cosimo, Piero, Lorenzo; these are the dream figures that will come before you. Not all of these first saw life in Florence, not all died within the shadows under her fair hills, but all, and many, many more, brought her their gifts of mind and heart and soul and laid them before her. And Florence welcomed them all, native son and stranger guest, and gave them her spirit and her inspiration and her guiding hand, and bade them win glory for Florence and immortality for their own names.

It would be all a dream, to be sure. But when the day is again with you, and the Arno is shining in the sunlight, and Italy is once more calling you to listen to her voice and smile with her smiles, then will you go forth and ask Florence to offer you not the dream of the night, or the dream of days and nights long gone, but the living work of the dream-people. You will ask her to prove to you that in Italy, if nowhere else, the fondest dreams come true.

There is only one path to take when first one steps out into the Florentine daylight—the way to

the Piazza della Signoria. For here was gathered much of the daily life of old Florence—and the Florence of now is wondrous because of the old days—here are the memories of her full-veined years, and the lingering voices of songs once sung, of tales once told, of life and battle and death. Dante often walked through this square; Lorenzo the Magnificent looked from yonder casement in the Palazzo Vecchio; Michelangelo admired his "David" at the palace-gate; Cellini still hovers in spirit over his "Perseus" in the Loggia dei Lanzi; Donatello watches his "Judith and Holofernes"; Savonarola yielded up his life near the bronze slab where you now stand. What city can boast such figures? Old Athens, possibly, can play the rival—none other.

Florence. And it is daytime, with a warm sun lighting the square and making you wish to seek shelter under the colonnades of the Loggia, as the little Florentine boys are wisely doing. Perhaps the summer is trying to induce you to enter that beautiful Palazzo degli Uffizi, where the art-goddess holds her court and feels at home far from

By Ewing Galloway, New York.

FLORENCE

Olympian halls. But you yield not to these impulses to-day, for up the Via dei Calzaioli the way beckons to the Duomo that last night welcomed you to the city, and that now would invite you to its altars and the treasures of its sculptured aisles.

Beautiful was the shadowed Duomo in the nightlight, but in the day it is superb beyond words. When you first come upon it in the piazza, your eyes are bewildered by the unusual appearance of the massive structure. You look with wondering eyes upon the marbles of variegated colors, the green dominant in the blending with the red and white, an immense, majestic mosaic. Rich in beauty of contour rare to discover, with façade rising to the heaven a marble flower-garden in its exquisite sculpture, with many a chiseled angel and prophet and fair-browed saint looking forth upon the city's life, the cathedral culminates in the double dome of glory. It is all very pleasing, very harmonious, very magnificent. Arnolfo di Cambio commenced this structure in 1296, but to Brunelleschi is the honor of

the noblest dome, save Saint Peter's, the world knows.

Through the bronze doors you go into the immense nave, into the prayerful atmosphere of the grand edifice. There is little here, as compared with so many cathedrals, to make you wander about for gazing. Everything is very quiet, very peaceful; the light is soft about the dome-windows; the shadows are delicate about the arches. But if the Duomo is crowded not with art objects, there is still a figure of John the Baptist by Donatello, a terra-cotta bas-relief of the "Ascension" by Luca della Robbia, and an unfinished "Pietà" by Michelangelo, a beautiful work indeed. But nothing artistic below can distract your eyes from forever looking up at the glorious dome that Brunelleschi achieved so wondrously, the dome that Michelangelo could surpass in size at Rome, but never in beauty.

Old, indeed, the Duomo is, but it counts fewer centuries than its companion, the Battistero, the eight-faced domed structure which stands opposite. This is the oldest building in the city. Built

probably in the seventh century, it was, perhaps, the cathedral church of old Florence. In the thirteenth century Arnolfo di Cambio covered it with marble, and so made it more beautiful to look upon. But its great beauty and its far-traveled fame are the bronze doors that Andrea Pisano and Lorenzo Ghiberti wrought so marvelously. In 1336 Pisano finished the south door, with its twenty bronze panels depicting the life of Saint John the Baptist and the cardinal virtues, and won the ringing praises of all Florence. Years later, in their magnificent enthusiasm, in that thorough way they had of doing great things, the citizens proclaimed a competition throughout all Italy for a sculptor for the north and east doors. Ghiberti won the contest, and in ten years had completed the north door with its scenes of the Gospel from Mary's Annunciation to the Pentecostal Day. It is of the same genre as his predecessor's work, but displays more harmony, and added richness in execution. But Ghiberti's other door, which faces the Duomo, shows the pictorial sculpture of the Renaissance come with all the luxuriance of

the new period. The Old Testament holds sway here, Adam and Eve, Moses on Sinai, David and Goliath, and other figures that make the Jewish history memorable. It is this door, executed one hundred years after Pisano's work called the senators from the Palazzo Vecchio to behold, that Michelangelo declared worthy to be the gate of heaven.

Go through the portals, and you stand within walls that saw Dante christened, and that whisper to the dome the baptismal name of every Florentine, for to-day, as of old, every infant of the flower city is carried here for the sacrament of baptism. Indeed, while you are standing here in admiration of Donatello's tomb of Baldassare Cossa, if you are very fortunate you may see some good Florentine woman bring into the Battistero a swaddled babe, and at the font offer it to the priest for baptism.

Not far away from the Battistero rises the graceful, slender Campanile. White and green and pale-pink rose is Giotto's lovely column, the most beautiful Gothic bell-tower in Italy. Here

also Andrea Pisano shows the master hand in the reliefs set high from the ground, and Donatello lives in the statues of David and Jeremiah, and the Arts bloom in happy gathering under the inspiration of Luca della Robbia. The campanile bells are within, the chimes that awakened you this morning, that call the hours for Florentine life, marking the time-spaces in the march of the years.

The Duomo and the Palazzo della Signoria are and always have been the centres of the daily life of Florence, religious, civic, artistic, commercial—all. So when one knows these well, one is acquainted with much of the city's history. For the lover of Florence is then conscious of the city's achievements, and meets more intimately the figures that made her alive among the great peoples of civilized Europe.

Florence was founded by the Fiesolans, who came down from the heights two hundred years before Christ. Then she lived the usual life of an Italian town, waiting the inevitable, the coming of Rome. Sulla and Caesar both made his-

tory in her valley, the one razing the city to the ground because she supported the Marian party, the other rebuilding for a military post. In time the town grew up again, and after the fall of Rome became part of the Lombard kingdom. When Charlemagne absorbed the territory, Florence became the residence of a count. Upon the death of Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, in the year 1115, there followed two centuries of strife between the popes and the emperors, a conflict in which Florence always fought side by side with the Papacy against the German aggression. Early in the thirteenth century, for no less or greater reason than a broken marriage-promise, there became engendered among the nobles of Florence a fierce spirit of hatred, and out of it were created the rival factions of Guelph and Ghibelline, the one democratic and loving liberty and the Pope, the other aristocratic and serving the Emperor. Many a battle they fought in and out of Florence, with now the Ghibelline a banished party, and now the Guelph.

But it is not necessary to remember every exile

decree of Guelph and Ghibelline, of Bianchi and Neri; it is not necessary to recall all their quarrels in detail to gain an understanding of the spirit of the olden days. Nor is it needful to have an exact knowledge of all the multiplex changes in Florentine government, nor to pursue the advance of Florentine arms over Tuscan foemen, nor to watch the city's procedure under the stress and strain of a Manfred or a Henry the Seventh. All this were a worthy study, and you may face the task some day, if you have not already. But to know something of the great guilds which instituted a Signoria; to know something of Dante, the Bianchi leader who gave Italy a literature; to know something of Florence's wars against her chief rivals, Pisa and Siena; something of her political supremacy in Tuscany; something of her commercial ascendancy in wool and silk and furs; of her prestige as banker to Europe; to know something of the Renaissance movement which she cradled and nurtured upon the coming of the Albizzi family; something of how the Medici fared in

the seats of the mighty;—this is really what you must know to know Florence. It is well to know, too, that Charles the Fifth came in 1530 and took the city; that he placed Alessandro de' Medici over Florence as hereditary duke; that the Medici line ruled with little interruption until it became extinct in 1737; that Florence then fell to the Austrian Duke of Lorraine, whose house held the city, save during the French period between 1801 and 1814, until the year 1860, when Florence joined the new kingdom of Italy; and that from 1865 to 1875 Florence was the capital of the kingdom, with Victor Emanuel a dweller within her walls.

If you know all these things—and it is much to know—you will be able to appreciate Florence, and you will be ardent to visit all the jewels to which the city's treasury bids you welcome. Your daily musings and evening memories will so be full of sympathy, and your imagination will be just in its conjuring with the men and things of a fairer day.

You will make no mistake if you go out to the

old monastery of San Marco some fine morning, while you are still a stranger to Florence, to see Fra Angelico's superb frescoes and the cell of Savonarola. Cosimo the Elder built this monastery in 1437 for the Dominicans, and though it is now a museum, the atmosphere of the old days pervades the place like the scent of treasured roses. You can still see, if you so wish, the gentle monk from Fiesole spending his days and years painting the beautiful Madonnas and noble Crucifixions and the sweet-visaged angels, and all the paradisaical conceptions that filled his soul. You can still behold the austere Fra Girolamo in the cell before his crucifix, praying to heaven for Florence before he makes an impassioned appeal to the people. You feel the presence of the long-gone brethren about the empty corridors, and the small, plain rooms that open from their echoing pathways. And when you go away from the cloisters, and leave behind you the sun-kissed pavements and the square of green grass and the shadows of the palms, you feel the peace that must have once dwelt here, while gay Florence

danced and wooed the earth-joy along the avenues without.

Another morning you will visit the old Franciscan church of Santa Croce, which Arnolfo di Cambio commenced in 1294, which Giotto also may claim as partly his. In this church are the tombs and memorials which make this great edifice unique among the churches of the city. Here you may see Vasari's tomb of Michelangelo, who chose the very spot of his place to rest; and also the tomb of Machiavelli, and that of the poet Alfieri from Canova's hand. Here Rossini and Cherubini lie; and monuments and tablets of beauty are here in memory of days that saw the great architect Alberti, Donatello, Galileo, and many others. One of the most exquisite tombs in all Florence is that of Carlo Marsuppini, the humanist secretary to the republic. This masterpiece of Desiderio da Settignano is opposite another fine work, Bernardo Rosselino's tomb of Marsuppini's predecessor, Leonardi Bruni. In a sense, the most remarkable of the monuments is the empty sepulchre of Dante. Hoping to re-

ceive his body from Ravenna, Florence was surprised at the refusal of that municipality to restore for marble honors him whom his native city had once exiled. So the tomb remains a cenotaph, a constant reminder to Florentines of the ingratitude of their ancestors. But perhaps Florence accepts in humility the penance for her inhospitality of over half a thousand years ago.

When you have seen the old frescoes of Giotto in the chapels near the choir, you leave this church of tombs and emerge into the air, once more to be reminded of immortality by the statue of Dante which stands in the centre of the piazza. In May, 1865, on the six hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth, with all Florence in the piazza, and the bell of the Palazzo Vecchio trembling from repeated pealing, and the strains of triumphant music calling forth from every heart a loyal love for the peer of Homer and Shakespeare, the statue was unveiled by King Victor Emanuel.

So, as the days go by, your visits will have included many of the other noted shrines that make Florence lovely. Near the Via della Scala the

Gothic church of Santa Maria Novella, begun in 1279, dreams of all the past and all the famous men and women that the bells in its rosy spire have called to worship. In its soft twilight interior you will pause long before Ghirlandaio's masterpieces, the exquisite frescoes of the choir; nor will you wish to forget Cimabue's famous "Madonna" in the Cappella degli Rucellai; and when you have seen the beauty of the Cappella degli Spagnuoli and have left the church, you will again admire Alberti's tasteful decoration on the pointed façade. In the church of San Lorenzo, built by Brunelleschi and Manetti, you may look upon the sacristy Michelangelo constructed as a mausoleum for the Medici; and his monuments therein for Giuliano and Lorenzo. Across the Arno the church of Santo Spirito, of Brunelleschi's planning, offers its sweet and serene beauty, and not far off the church of Santa Maria del Carmine, with fifteenth century frescoes of Masolino and his pupil Masaccio in the Cappella Brancacci, compels a gladly-given visit. Should you on Sunday visit

the church of Santissima Annunziata de' Servi, the crowded edifice will tell you that the spirit of Girolamo is still breathing religion through the city. When you are departing from the flower-fragrant church, you will be rejoiced by the exquisite frescoes of Andrea del Sarto. As you pass on, and through the portals, and are bending homeward, you will delay a little for admiring Andrea della Robbia's infant medallions between the arches of the colonnades of the Spedale degli Innocenti. You will wonder, perhaps, when again the old days of the great artists will have a resurrection from their forgetful sleep.

There are indeed magnificent churches in Florence, and beautiful paintings and frescoes within. But no day of your religious pilgrimage will offer you more infinite variety or more genuine pleasure than some clear afternoon when you are on your way to Fiesole. You will find it pleasant to go by tram, equally so to make the journey by motor, and if you are a true pilgrim, you may be inclined to walk. But however you go, you will wish you had gone before, and

will be hopeful of going again, for the excursion is surely a delight not unrarely to be had for the asking. The route rises by curving inclines, rather steep than gradual and gentle, until a height of one thousand feet is reached. All the way cypresses and olive trees throw their green outlines along the lovely slopes, and many a splendid villa looks down upon you from the rose-clad terraces, while the heaven-breeze sweeps your face, and makes you wish for a home somewhere among the blossoms of those sun-loved hills.

After a little you will pass near the gardens of Villa Palmieri, and will view many a pleasant field and happy biding-place for the wearied of the world, with ever the song of birds and the soft, blithe wind and the fairy groves bringing oblivion of care. Half-way up the heights you reach the tiny village of San Domenico di Fiesole, with the Dominican convent at your side, in which Fra Angelico lived. A little distance away is the Badia, once the famous shrine of the Fiesolans, but later a Benedictine abbey, and now a school. Here, in the loggia, the Platonic Academy often

met, and often listened to the youthful Pico della Mirandola, with Lorenzo il Magnifico a willing patron. Not far from the convent of San Domenico is the Villa Gherardesca, where the Muses found shelter under Landor's protection, and were glad of the lovely outlook over the valley and across the hills, for miles and miles, even to the gateways of Vallombrosa. You do not progress far before you pass the cypress-shaded terraces of the Villa Medici, where Cosimo came for his leisure whilings; and Lorenzo, for the whisperings of Plato, and the nearer voice of the blue heavens, for the Latin hexameters of the loved Poliziano and the gentle laughter of Ficino.

The road winds on through the shadows and the light, past the villas, with their garden terraces smooth and green, over the sloping hills red with tulips and poppies, and supplying the stuff of dreams. Then, at last, Fiesole is reached, the old, old Faesulae, which has seen the face of many a famous man upon her heights. Cataline was once a banished guest here; Puritan Milton looked upon Florence from this hill; Ruskin came

here in the cool of the evening to view Giotto's campanile which he loved below; here Browning mused on the God-gifts of Andrea del Sarto and the painter's dream of the flame of the immortals. Soon you are in the Piazza Mino da Fiesole, with the cathedral's slender campanile looking down upon you. The basilica was founded in 1028, and built in Tuscan-Romanesque style. Of the works of art within the church there is little to be noted save the tomb of Bishop Salutati, the masterpiece of Mino da Fiesole.

The ancient Etruscan wall and the Roman theatre may keep you a moment or two, and still longer the view of the valley where the Mugnone threads its way, glistering like a thread of golden floss below the ever-green hill. But up by the Franciscan monastery, which occupies the site of the castle the Romans built, you will stay, and willingly, for here you can see most wonderfully all Florence, the soul of Tuscany, lying in the valley, sweet and delicate and ever-young. There she is, a sun-favored flower-garden, quite perfect in the exquisite harmony of her growing

verdure, her silent vale of beauty encircled by the olive-green ranges of the Apennines and the purple-blue crests of the Carrara hills. In the midst of the fragile fairy city the slow-moving Arno flows westward, burning a long, steady gleam across the waning afternoon. It is not difficult to distinguish the many objects in the deep distance, for the atmosphere is very clear and very transparent, with no pall of unbeauteous smoke hanging over the town. The tower on the Palazzo Vecchio is conspicuous, and the shining summit of Giotto's tower, and the great, glistening dome-flower of the Cathedral, rising to the skies, graceful, serene, almost fragrant with summer. But you can see the spire of Santa Croce, too, and many another palace and pinnacle glorified in the bright sun, and shining full worthy of the beautiful city at your feet. And glowing in white and crimson the lines of houses stretch on and on in charming simplicity down the valley, toward the open arms of the Tuscan hills.

Stand here awhile as the summer afternoon is drooping, and look down upon the fair city.

Florence is quiet, restful, at peace with herself and the gold-flamed west and the blue sky and the rosy tints on the cloudships that float over the valley. How many in all that city are thinking, as you must be, of the olden glory and the dead-lying days? Is a Florentine mother rocking a babe to sleep, and dreaming him an Andrea della Robbia, or is she wishing him a Fra Angelico, and waiting for his life to unfold itself in the creation of angelic color-poems? Is a pale stripling wooing harmony's soul in a tune-mellowed chamber to find the secret of the tone-cathedrals of a Rossini? Are all the lilies and iris and geranium blossoms in the flower-market prophetic of the souls of the goldsmiths and lapidaries and mosaic-workers of the days to be?

It is time to depart. You move in and out among the olives, and turn sharply about the winding road down the billowy hills, and hasten past the majestic cypresses, and leave the vineyards behind, and the sweet-breathing roses, and the dainty jessamines, and the courtyards, and the cool, plashing fountains of the lovely villas. And

you come back into the vale-city, just in time to hear the prayer-hour ringing from the towers, and to see the dying day reach forth its hands and give its greeting to the eve and the coming stars. Through the streets, the now friendly and familiar thoroughfares of Florence, you are carried to your homing-place beside the Arno. The twilight settles over the city, and the night comes, and across the valley is hung a canopy of blue and silver-gold. As you look out the open windows, a gentle breeze is sweeping by, with a message of gladness and love; and from over the water float the happy strains of song.

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Florence: The Renaissance Capital

THERE is no solitary guest in the Sala di Saturno in the Pitti Gallery, but the room has been well peopled with visitors from the moment the doors swung open in the morning; and if this is your first acquaintance with the magnificent palace that Brunelleschi designed for Messer Luca Pitti, you will wonder what great art work is holding all so rapt and solemnly attentive in admiring. But even upon entering the hall, you make the discovery. There near the door hangs the picture by which you will best remember Florence, and which will link itself in association with the ten or twelve others that you will choose to represent in your own soul all European painting, and that in an especial way symbolize your own art canons and beliefs. For you are looking upon Raphael's "Madonna della Sedia." No tenderer conception of the Madonna

has ever been attempted, and you doubt if a sweeter and more touching group could be painted than this trio of Virgin and Child and Saint John. It is less queenly, perhaps, than its Dresden sister, possibly inferior in technique, but for the soulful sympathy in the faces this picture cannot be surpassed. There is tranquil joy in the Mother's countenance, and the watchful caring of pure maternal love, but withal a serious, thoughtful, half-bodeful expression that pierces the veil of the morrow and sees the sadness of the end. The Child is baby-like, trustful, with all His world seeming to rest in the precious clasp of the Virgin-mother, though He has a face and head that possess nobility and stately mien; and the face of the youthful John is prayerful and angelic and all-spiritual. For long you are compelled to look upon this circular painting, and you will come back to the Pitti many times to renew your love; and if you were disposed to make a fetish of objects of art, I think you would wander far without finding a worthier idol than the "Madonna della Sedia."

There are other masterpieces by Raphael in the Pitti palace. In the same room there is the "Madonna del Granduca," a work of his Florentine period. It was painted six years earlier than the more noted Madonna, and, reflecting more of the style of his master, Perugino, in its simplicity and quietness, is well worthy of Raphael's growing genius. In his portrait of Pope Julius the Second, of which he made several replicas, you may observe the wonderful execution which only the nephew of Bramante could achieve.

The Pitti is indeed a gallery of masterpieces. The 'faultless' Andrea del Sarto is represented here by the "Assumption" and the famous "Holy Family"; Fra Bartolommeo is remembered by the "Risen Christ," the "Marriage of Saint Catherine," and the exquisitely pathetic group of the "Pietà." Paolo Veronese's "Venetian Scholar," Fra Filippo Lippi's "Madonna and Child," the well-known "Concert" of Giorgione, and the "Deposition" of Perugino are also among the treasures; and many another work of art that the Medici dukes brought together in this splen-

did palace. Perhaps it is Titian that may be said to share ascendancy here with Perugino's famous pupil. There are ten pictures from his hand, the most noteworthy being portraits. You may look upon the cunning, able, vulgar face of the prince of blackguards and blackmailers, Pietro Aretino, the sad countenance of Ippolito de' Medici, and the marvelously beautiful and romantic figure of the "Young Englishman."

The charm of the Pitti palace does not exhaust itself in its pictures. For outside, between the gallery and the palace proper, lie the magnificent Boboli Gardens. The name is derived from that of the family who once lived in a house here. Cosimo the First laid out the grounds, and adorned them with statuary and fountains. From the amphitheatre of seats you may have a lovely view of the spires and pinnacles of Florence, and the mass of sunlit trees on the green hills beyond the town. It is delightful to rest here for a moment, and under the shading cypress and pine breathe the fragrant air that seems to blow fresh and blithe from Arcadia.

The halls of the Uffizi galleries are more numerous than those of the Pitti, and offer a wider survey of the various schools of painting. The pictures which the two great palaces contain unquestionably form the greatest collection of paintings of the Italian schools of art in the world. In the Uffizi palace are also to be found noted pieces of sculpture, an excellent collection of jewels and drawings, and valuable libraries rich in associations and intrinsic worth.

The Tuscan school of art is represented, among other works, by the lovely "Coronation of our Lady" of Lorenzo Monaco, monk of the Angeli in Florence; by the exquisite masterpiece of Fra Angelico, the "Coronation of the Virgin," and by his famous altar-pieces; by the beautiful "Madonna" of Fra Filippo Lippi, his only picture in the entire gallery; by the "Madonna of the Magnificat" of Botticelli; by the well-faded "Adoration of the Magi" of Leonardo da Vinci; by the lovely "Annunciation" of Verrocchio, once thought to be Leonardo's, also; by the "Adoration of the Child" of Fra Bartolommeo; and by

the "Holy Family" of Michelangelo, one of the two pictures he painted outside of Rome.

When you come to a contemplation of the Umbrian school, you will find it well messaged in the work of Perugino, its greatest master, save Raphael, who really was of Rome. Perugino has four pictures here, three portraits, and the "Madonna and Child" in the octagonal Tribuna. His pupil Raphael has the "Madonna del Cardellino" and a replica of the portrait of Julius the Second which is in the Pitti palace. The religion and mystic sweetness of soul that Umbria ever exhales are evident in the altar-piece of Gentile da Fabriano, and in the beauteous colored panels of the "Annunciation" of Melozzo da Forli.

Titian, to be sure, is the great master of the Venetian school, and in the Uffizi galleries he may be seen to advantage, though a larger number of his pictures are in the Pitti halls. The portraits of Eleonora Gonzaga and Francesco-Maria della Rovere, Duke and Duchess of Urbino, and of Bishop Beccadelli, are typical of his better work. His friend Giorgione is remembered here by his

rare portrait of the "Knight of Malta." The teacher of these two, Giovanni Bellini, one of the earlier masters of the Venetian school, is represented by one of the finest works of the Quattrocento, the allegorical grouping in which our Lady rests beside a lagoon, with the several saints near by in the wondrous landscape.

Siena and her school offer the magnificent "Annunciation" of Simone Martini, one of the most beautiful and most graceful of all religious paintings. The Northern schools are seen in the marvelous triptych consisting of the "Three Kings," the "Presentation," and the "Ascension," and in the "Madonna and Child among the Flowers," both by Mantegna; and in the "Madonna and Child with Angels" and the "Repose in Egypt" by Correggio.

Obviously enough these are but a choice few of the Uffizi pictures; many others will share the hours and days you will wish to bestow upon the vast collection founded by the Medici in the palace which Vasari, the historian of Italian painters, built for Cosimo the First. Then when

you are rested in mind from the patient and congenial work of dreaming the dreams of these artist-poets, you will go some day to the Accademia di Belle Arti, once the Ospedale di San Matteo, near the Piazza San Marco.

In the Accademia there are few paintings of highest merit, but an excellent idea of the earlier work may be gained here, the evolution of the art of the Florentine school through Giotto onward. Gentile da Fabriano's masterpiece, the lovely "Adoration of the Shepherds" is in this gallery, and Fra Angelico's wonderful "Last Judgment"; and an exquisite "Adoration" by Ghirlandaio. More interesting than any of the paintings you will find Michelangelo's gigantic "David," which once stood near the gate of the Palazzo Vecchio, a position the sculptor himself chose for his work.

It is in the Bargello, that castellated structure built in 1265 for the Capitano del Populo, and later the palace of the Podestà, that Michelangelo once more is seen as the matchless sculptor. Such he discloses himself in the drowsy dream-poise of

the "Bacchus," no less than in the calm strength and beauty of the relief of the "Holy Family." Here, too, his great predecessor, Donatello, expresses in marble and bronze and terra-cotta the genius that Phidias passed on over the bridge of the years. Better than elsewhere in the world may his works be studied here, for there are ten of his creations in the Bargello, beside a great many casts of his statues that rest in other cities. The "Marzocco" is in this museum, the fantastic lion that used to stand in front of the Palazzo Vecchio; the youthful figure of John the Baptist with the rapt, half-melancholy, half-pondering expression which bodies forth the soul-beauty of him whose voice was crying in the wilderness; the beautiful terra-cotta bust of Niccolo da Uzzano; and the marble "Saint George." Probably his best work is this statue of the dragon-slayer, with all the faith and fire and fearlessness of the hero caught in the chiseled stone. As you look upon the lively figure, you can understand why Michelangelo whispered to it, as he stopped to admire, the command—"March."

The wonderful sweetness of the work of Luca della Robbia and his nephew Andrea, and the other exponents of their peculiar school, is to be won here by all who will. The lovely terra-cotta conceptions, flowering in blue and white, like precious fleurs-de-lis, are blossomed forth in the exquisite perfection of many a Madonna and Annunciation.

Another sculptor beside Michelangelo and Donatello and the Robbia family you may study in the Bargello. It is Andrea Verrocchio, one of the greatest masters of the second half of the fifteenth century. A pupil, perhaps, of Donatello, he, too, has chosen to be known as a maker of a "David," a superb figure standing in the calm consciousness of strength over the slain giant at his feet.

Florence is brim full of the art of the Renaissance and the years before. One can never reach an end to the maze of bronze and marble and wild-flower terra-cotta. But one needs frequent withdrawals from the joyful study of the galleries to avoid the weariness that knows no value in

anything save laughing waters and the blue sky. Driving through the fair Cascine gardens will afford one delightful afternoons, when the shadows are stretching out and the sun lets one look upon its face while it makes ready to say its *arrivederci.* Here where once the dairy farm of the grand dukes extended, it is pleasant to feel the cooling air wafted through the ilex and pine. As one enjoys the quiet life of the green fields near by, and the scenes of beauty that lie onward toward Bellosguardo, the thoughts of the great men come flooding back. Cimabue is no misty figure in mythland, Mino da Fiesole seems quite alive, Orcagna is more than a sounding echo from the past.

Probably on more than one afternon after your gallery whilings you will drive up to the hill of San Miniato by the Viale dei Colli, which begins at the Porta Romana near the Boboli Gardens. Nothing more charming can be wished for than this enchanting road, winding gracefully through gardens of red and white roses, amid bordering masses of magnolia and laurel, between tall and

green-waving planes and elms, with the afternoon drowsy from the delicious odors that drench the air, and tuneful with the joyous humming of the bees and the trilling speech of the little yellow-breasted birds. Soon you come close to the city fortification that Michelangelo laid out in 1529, and, within its protection, the great church of San Miniato.

The church of San Miniato is a fine old edifice of lovely marble, built in the eleventh century in commemoration of a saint who suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Decius in the mid-third century. It is an interesting chapter that Villani writes in the *Cronica,* of the seeking out of the hermit Miniato by the emperor, who was then at Florence. Miniato, it seems, was living in solitude among the quiet sheltering trees of Arisbotto di Firenze, a wood behind the site of the present church. He had left his kingdom in Armenia for this humble position in Christ's service, and was happy in the prayerful heights above the Arno. But Decius offered the one-time prince gifts of great value to allure him to the old ways: no

gifts could win over the loyal hermit. So the thoroughgoing Decius offered him instead the torments which Roman persecution had devised; and in the end Miniato was beheaded. A little church was soon built in his honor, but it was many centuries afterward that the great church was erected, now so noble to look upon.

Indeed the church of San Miniato is the most beautiful of the Tuscan-Romanesque churches remaining in Florence, and within its walls are precious memorials of the old-time art. Among them is Rossellino's masterpiece, that exquisite tomb of the youthful Jacopo of Portugal. Many an old Florentine has worshiped in this temple, and as you walk down the broad nave you can almost fancy Brunetto Latini's immortal disciple kneeling near one of the ancient pillars, rapt in visions of paradise. When you leave the tranquil aisles and their paling frescoes and emerge again into the open, it is to see a Campo Santo along the terraces, a city of the dead rising in ghostly array of stately marble tombs and humble

graves not less impressive in their simple adornments.

San Miniato is the place from which to see your last Florentine sunset. And as you rest here on the hill, looking pensively into the face of the dying gleam, out of the violet west a pageant may spring, born of the cloud-isles and the sunbeams and the eve-winds and the reverie of your own soul. A vision of old Florence will rise like a mirage before your eyes, mingling your little hour with the full-lived days of the past. How tell the names of those men of old who wake to life under the gladsome spell? A legion of mighty Caesar would scarce enroll them all; infinitely easier were little Pippa's counting that sunlit day in Asolo.

So your imagination in the sunglow will weave its fragile tapestry. And to-night in the middle way between wakeful dreaming and dreamful sleep your soul will journey down a winding lane of fantasy, to meet some Donatello coming home in the near-morn from a night's loving toil in the atelier. And farther on you will pass a poor artisan with the soul of a genius stealing his way

through the shadows, while he jealously clasps the silver goblet on which he has wreathed a Medici crest. You can see, as you project yourself into the pulsing days of the Renaissance, the lights glowing at a stately palace window, where a pallid scholar is patiently transcribing a treasured copy of the *Phaedo* for Cosimo de' Medici. You can see Dante smiling and glad in the old house on the Via San Martino, in the days of the *vita nuova,* and the child Beatrice, crimson-clad and beautiful and sweet at the May-day *festa* within the Portinari grounds. You will behold up at old San Marco monastery a gentle Fra Angelico praying at night in a lonely cell, and waiting the dawn that will once again call his frescoed dream-paintings to life.

Then perhaps you will seem to be standing on Taddeo Gaddi's Ponte Vecchio, looking into the Arno, where every shadow falling from the arches and shops gathers a pensive memory of the goldsmiths of old, and the glass-workers, and the weavers of lace, and the engravers of precious gems; and not least of all, a memory of young

Buondelmonte, whose death near the statue of Mars brought the memorable struggle which rent Florence in twain. Traveling in spirit across the bridge, you will see near the Pitti palace the windows of Casa Guidi, where the author of *Aurora Leigh* lived so many years, and died in 1861. If you permit it, your imagination will now carry you through the roll of all the foreign wooers of the Muses' flame, who came to Florence and loved her and lived within her hill-cinctured welcome: Montaigne, Milton, Gray; Smollett, Samuel Rogers, Shelley, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt; Browning, Ruskin, Landor, George Eliot; Charles Lever, Dickens, Mrs. Trollope, Arthur Hugh Clough; Cooper, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Mark Twain, and many more beside.

You are to leave Florence, but Florence will not leave you, and all the hours of your roseate days still come flitting back. The mural portrait of Dante in the Bargello will persist in coming into your visions, and the "Winged Mercury" of Giovanni da Bologna, and that perfect Gothic shrine Orcagna made in the church of Or San

Michele, and the "Madonna della Cintola" in its oval mandorla, sculptured above the north door of the Duomo, and the fresh young faces of the singing boys on the Cantorie of Donatello and Luca della Robbia in the Opera del Duomo, and the exquisite iron-work of the torch-holders at the Palazzo Strozzi. Then the peaceful images will float away, and there will flash before you the throng of imperial Ghibellines shouting their defiance to the Guelphs, while frighted mothers hurry their children within doors and out of the battle's tide. Now the scene will suddenly shift to the brooks of Vallombrosa; and onward toward the plain of Campaldino, where Dante saw the Guelphs defeat their rivals; and finally to Alvernia, that still speaks of the *Fioretti* of Saint Francis, where the spirit of Il Poverello hovers everywhere, where Franciscan monks still sing vespers and compline, and chant hymns in honor of the Stigmata of their founder, while as in the seven centuries agone the violets and daffodils and primroses blossom forth, every one a

fragrant symbol of the Assisian's simple, unquestioning love of God.

When the dawn comes, and the sun is beaming in joy, and you are ready to depart, you go forth to say once more a farewell to the Duomo waiting in the Piazza. As you turn away, you can almost fancy Florence herself as an old cathedral, with its vast interior glorious and wonderful and mellow under the subdued morning light streaming in through the stained glass. An old cathedral, with the rarest tinting coloring the sunbeams gleaming on the marvelous rose-window on the eastern face: the crimson of the Medici; the deep purple of Savonarola; the dark green of Dante; the heaven-blue of Raphael; the opalescent of Fra Angelico; the glowing gold of Cellini; the rich violet of Michelangelo; an old, old cathedral, with its soul's memory reaching back into the long ago, and its heart beating strong and full for the days that are, and its loving voice calling out to the future ages as an inspiration and a symbol and a faith.

From the fair flower city of the valley you go

away, not as one who would gladly close a well-studied book, but as one who would lingeringly speak an *au revoir* to a dearest friend, and be tearful in the parting, as one who would remember every loved smile and every tender glance of a gentle sister, and be knightly to her wishes, as one who expects again to return and ask a welcome and a hand-clasp and the envied embrace of fond affection. As you drive down the quaint old avenues of the city, you will pass a little shrine of the Madonna, before which a small boy may be arranging some pretty flowers; you will see a happy-faced old lady telling her beads at an open, vine-shaded window; you will answer the kindly good-bye of a tiny Beatrice who sits near a wayside fountain. There will be no garish blaze in the streets of Florence, but shadow will meet shadow in the peaceful lanes, and a subdued, tempered light will overspread the pathway, like the soft, unhurried, quiet afterglow of remembered genius and fulfilment.

VI

In Old Bologna

WITH a burden of sweet memories you are journeying toward Bologna. It is a varied scene that accompanies you, whether you go thither from Pisa by way of olden Lucca, or from the fair ways of the lily town of Florence. Sometimes you burrow through the Apennines by long, dusty tunnels, if you go by train, and are almost ready to become plaintive, when you emerge and are greeted in compensation by the friendly face of a green mountain, standing beautiful and true as a cathedral church. Sometimes you glide swiftly over a smiling plain, and catch glimpses of the everyday life of Italy—merry little children playing near the roadsides, thrifty housewives busy at domestic cares, workmen joyous in the cornfields or beneath the shadows of the trellised vineyards. You pass little villages snugly rest-

ing in the vale beside some dark stream, or hamlets perched on the sunny slopes or settled calmly at the foot of a high ridge. You are gladdened by the glistening white foam of waterfalls, and can almost hear their turbulent voices as they hurl themselves into the picturesque ravines. Lovely villas ofttimes show their red-tiled roofs and white fronts, and the green velvet of their smooth terraces, while the gardens invite you with a brilliant array of flowers, purple and white and yellow and red, massed in graceful figures along the low stucco wall. Everything is laughing and full of joy and happy with summer. So the landscape shifts and alternates until you begin to see houses crowding together in larger numbers and you feel the approaching life of a city's thronging and possess the instinctive knowledge that you have reached the end of the journey. You have come to Emilia and the old city of Bologna.

When you have thought of Bologna, it has probably been as the ancient university town that you have imaged her. For Bologna has been known for nine hundred years as the learned city.

Learned Bologna has been the guise under which she has most distinctively impressed herself upon the world. Of her learning she has been jealous and proud and not a little boastful. Even next to her liberty she has valued it, perhaps equally with her liberty, for on her banner you may read the golden letters of "Libertas" in the centre, and along the borders the other watchword of the centuries, "Bononia docet." Teacher Bologna has been, of a truth, and even to-day she enjoys the reputation of being one of the most intellectual towns in Italy.

But Bologna herself is centuries older than her university. Indeed it is not possible to say how many times older, but it is interesting to trace her history and try to discover what she was in her early youth and what has kept her so strong and active to the present day. For Bologna is a prosperous city, for all her quiet demeanor and dignified aspect and pensive regret of a greater past.

Long ago, after the Etruscans had conquered the Umbrian fields, Bologna was their greatest city north of the Apennines, and was named

Felsina. Happy and undisturbed the town grew beside the river Reno, with the eternal hills standing high in the rear as a protection to the fertile valley that stretched out below. But the foe comes sooner or later to every nation, and he came after a long time to the Etruscan, just as the Etruscan had come to the pastoral villagers in the long years before. Not from the south, but from over the Alps came the disturbers, Celtic tribes that poured into Lombardy and down through Italy. Of these hordes the Boii settled in what is now Romagna, and taking Felsina for their capital, brought an end to Etruscan rule there. Felsina now became Bononia. This was about four hundred years before Christ, at the time when Rome was beginning to make herself felt as a power, and was capturing Veii, the richest Etruscan city on the other side of the Apennines, in her ambition to make Etruria a part of the Roman domain. It was also about the time when Rome herself was to fall for a brief season under the Celtic sway and be sacked and burned to ashes.

Hannibal, also crossing the Alps, came along two hundred years later, and the Boii sided with him. But when he was gone, and Rome had leisure, she sent a large colony to Bononia, and henceforth the Etruscan-Celtic city became Roman. For Rome was a marvel at changing the character of her subject cities; every town she colonized became a little Rome. Such Bononia became, too, but the name remained Bononia.

The city then followed the general fortunes of the Roman state until the decay and fall of the empire. She received Christianity very early, perhaps from Saint Apollinarius, Bishop of Ravenna. With dismay it was, then, that the devout city beheld Alaric within her gates and saw his soldiers batter her Christian churches. But she saw a Roman army beat him, also, and saw him turn away. A city of the Ostrogoth kingdom Bologna was until Justinian broke up that rule, and she was then governed by the Byzantine exarchs of Ravenna. Soon the Lombards overran northern Italy, and Bologna felt their sway until

Charlemagne destroyed their kingdom, which lay in his path to glory.

With practical autonomy Bologna developed her mediaeval life until in the year 1122 the emperor Henry the Fifth recognized her as a free town. With "Libertas" on her escutcheon, she now was governed by two consuls, who were afterward joined by a Podestà. She later became a member of the Lombard League, and gave valiant service to the Pope against the Hohenstaufen aggression in Italy. For Bologna loved liberty, and so she carried the Guelph standard, as the papal forces were ever on the side of the Italian towns in their resistance to the German. In 1249 Bologna won a notable victory over Enzio, the son of Frederick the Second. During the following years the city was distracted by internal feuds and dissatisfaction with the Visconti of Milan, and this led to the ascendancy of the Bentivoglio family. But their supremacy was contested until finally peace came after the long struggle, when Bologna, originally part of the donation of Pippin to the Popes, became a papal state in 1506. Under

papal rule Bologna enjoyed prosperity and culture, and retained her own republican rights and liberties and laws. Since 1860 the city has been a part of the kingdom of Italy.

This is the history of Etruscan Felsina and Celtic and Roman Bononia and mediaeval and modern Bologna. And when you visit the Museo Civico you may see the bronzes and ivories of the Umbrian shepherds; the sculptures and tombs and beautiful candelabra, of Etruscan workmanship; the vases and amphorae and golden ornaments from Grecian and Phoenician cities; the vast array of Roman antiquities, and treasures mediaeval and Renaissance; and the memorials of the after years even to the time of the Napoleonic battles and the subsequent wars in Italy. The entire history of this Apennine city may be followed as you walk from room to room in this museum in the Palazzo Galvani. But you will find more interest in reading her chronicles as they are impressed upon her churches and towers and palaces and university halls and arcaded

streets, and even upon the terraces and flowering heights of her dark green hills.

There are more beautiful objects in Bologna, objects enjoying pleasanter associations, but there is nothing in the city more striking to the visitor than the Leaning Towers, the Torre Asinelli and the Torre Garisenda, which stand near the Piazza di Porta Ravegnana. When one thinks of a leaning tower, almost invariably Pisa's famous structure comes to mind. But Pisa's tower is built of pure white marble, and Bologna's towers are of plain everyday brick. In Pisa what one sees is a cathedral campanile; in the Emilian city one looks upon watch-towers of defence. So with the title ends the analogy.

These old fortress-towers carry one back to the Middle Ages as few things in Bologna do. One can almost fancy an armed soldiery hidden somewhere about, ready to do the bidding of an angry lord. Of the two towers the Torre Asinelli is the taller, soaring aloft to a height of over three hundred feet. Gherardo degli Asinelli began this in 1109, not only as a convenient fort-

ress for the defence of his palace, but as a symbol of family distinction. It was perhaps in emulation of their neighbor that in the following year Filippo and Oddo Garisenda built the other tower, a structure less lofty by nearly two hundred feet. But less lofty it is content to be, for it is sure of eternal fame from the lines of the great Florentine poet, who did not forget it when he wished to write a simile—

> "As seems the Garisenda, to behold
> Beneath the leaning side, when goes a cloud
> Above it so that opposite it hangs
> Such did Antaeus seem to me, who stood
> Watching to see him stoop"—

The Garisenda family could well be grateful to the earthquake, if such it was which threw their tower farther from the perpendicular than it did the Torre Asinelli.

Bologna has many beautiful churches, the largest and most important of which, though not the oldest, is the cathedral of San Petronio, on the splendid Piazza Maggiore, once the Roman forum. Its name carries one back in thought to Pe-

tronius, the fifth century Bishop of Bologna, who purged the city of Arianism, and was chosen of the citizens as their patron. It was in 1388 that the prosperous people commenced the great Gothic cathedral in his honor. An ambitious program they had in view—to exceed in grandeur and in size the other cathedrals of Italy. Such were the designs of the architects Antonio di Vicenzo and Fra Andrea Manfredi, and had they been carried out, the cathedral would have been one hundred and thirty-six feet longer than Saint Peter's in Rome. But the church was never brought to the projected completion. Magnificent the interior is now; but had the choir and transepts been constructed it would have attained an exquisite glory which only can be imagined. The church is rich in chapels, twenty-one in all opening from the great aisles, one containing the head of San Petronio which was removed by Benedict the Fourteenth from the church of Santo Stefano. All the chapels have various objects worthy of consideration, but notable are the stained glass of Lorenzo Costa, the Renaissance stalls of Raf-

faele da Brescia, and the Museo di San Petronio. When one leaves the church, one cannot but stand again and admire the marvelously beautiful reliefs around the central portal, the work of one of the many great fourteenth and fifteenth century architects who labored here, Giacomo della Quercia. The cathedral has had many visitors in the past five hundred years, but none who has attained a wider renown in posterity than the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who came here on the twenty-fourth day of September, 1530, to receive the crown from Pope Clement the Seventh.

One of the unique churches of the city is that of Santo Stefano, on the Via Santo Stefano. It consists of eight edifices so united as to form a continuous whole. The main church, the Crucifisso, was built in 1637, and has a pulpit of the twelfth century affixed to the façade. The second church, that of San Sepolcro, is on the left, a circular building of the tenth century, with seven beautiful columns which once upon a time supported a temple of Isis. It is here that the twelfth century tomb of San Petronio lies, a copy in a large de-

gree of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. The third church was probably built by Saint Faustianus in the fourth century, the Romanesque basilica of Santi Pietro e Paolo, the first cathedral Bologna had. It was rebuilt in 1019, and has seen many alterations. In this church you may see the ninth century tomb enclosing the dust of the martyred saints, Vitalis and Agricola. So, too, will you be called back to earlier years as you go through the remaining edifices, the Atrio di Pilato, the Chiesa della Trinità, the Cappella della Consolazione, the Confessione, and the cloisters of the old Celestine monastery.

No church in Bologna inspires more interest than the thirteenth century church of San Domenico, for it is here that the great Saint Dominic, founder of the order of Friars Preachers, lies in his tomb. Other great men also lie at rest in this edifice, the most notable of whom are Enzio, King of Sardinia, the Emperor's son whom the Bolognese took captive and kept a prisoner for eleven years; Taddeo Pepoli, the Podestà; and Guido Reni, the city's gifted painter, who did so much

to beautify the church and the city and all Italy. The church itself was entirely remodeled in the eighteenth century, and so has little of the flavor of olden days save the inlaid stalls of the sixteenth century. But in the Cappella San Domenico there awaits one the Guido Reni fresco in the dome, and beneath it the exquisite tomb of the saint, which is known as the Arca di San Domenico, of the choice workmanship of Niccolo Pisano and his pupil, Fra Guglielmo, a Dominican friar. The tomb is adorned with six large bas-reliefs, which tell the story of Dominic's life-work.

To at least one other church in Bologna you should pay the compliment of a visit, the church of San Giacomo Maggiore, founded in 1267. It is constructed of brick, and is of Gothic design, with a campanile erected in 1472. Very rich in works of art is this old edifice, but the chapel that will hold one longest is that of the Bentivoglio family. Here it is that Francesco Francia's best work hangs, the "Madonna." Here also Lorenzo Costa has a "Madonna"; and outside the chapel

is the tomb of Antonio Bentivoglio wrought by Jacopo della Quercia.

After you have seen the art of the churches you will wish to see more of the work of the Bolognese school of painting, of which Francesca Francia was the first to win the plaudits of more than his own city. So you will visit the Accademia di Belle Arti, which occupies the halls of the old Jesuit college on the Borgo della Paglia. In these galleries Francia may be studied in many examples of religious work, the best being the painting of the "Madonna enthroned among the Saints and Angel Musicians," and the "Dead Christ." Numerous other painters of the Bolognese school are here, Ludovico, Caracci, Domenichino, Guercino, and Guido Reni. Much as you will admire Guido Reni's "Madonna della Pietà" or the "Crucifixion," or become interested in the chalk drawing for the "Ecce Homo," you perhaps will linger with most attention before that masterpiece of another school, the "Saint Cecilia" of Raphael. There is no picture in the gallery that will win your admiration as will this painting of the patron

saint of music pausing in her earthly harmony as she listens in ecstasy to the voices of the angelic choir.

A short distance away from the Accademia stands Bologna's university building, once the Palazzo Poggi. Not here has the university always been, but in 1803 it was removed from the Archiginnasio which Pope Pius the Fourth in 1562 commissioned to be built near the cathedral. The present university has a library of two hundred and fifty thousand volumes and five thousand manuscripts, among them the library of the well-known linguist Cardinal Giuseppe Mezzofanti, which Pius the Ninth bought upon the death of the Cardinal and presented to the university.

The beginnings of the university take one back to the early years of the eleventh century when the Schools of the Liberal Arts were flourishing in Bologna. In these schools grammar, rhetoric, and logic were among the studies; and with these studies as a basis, there began to develop the great law school which was afterward to bring great distinction to the city. When the twelfth century

opened, Bologna's fame as a university town sprang forth with the sudden glory of a new-come star, for now Irnernius began his brilliant lectures on law that set all Italy astir with wonder and attracted the notice of the far-off scholars of other nations. It was he who instituted the study of the Corpus Juris Civilis at Bologna, and originated the school of law as a distinct faculty. This event was epoch-making, but when in 1140 the Camaldulensian monk and teacher, Gratian, compiled the Decretum, which became the authoritative text-book of canon law, Bologna's fame spread more rapidly than ever. Ravenna had enjoyed renown for her school of law, but of late had lost her prestige owing to a conflict with the Papacy, and this left Bologna first in Europe.

As the number of students increased and all Europe was flocking to the university lecture halls, Bologna acquired the title of Mater Studiorum. And the title will not seem inappropriate when one considers that her studies were being sought by ten thousand ardent scholars at the opening of the thirteenth century. The adopted sons of the

city, though united in general aims and enjoying friendly relations, did not join to form a single body confederate, but organized by nations, according to their various countries, each maintaining separate standing, much as the guilds of merchants were wont to do. It was out of these guilds of learning, perhaps, that there later developed the colleges of the nations, the buildings of two of which survive to this day, the College of Spain, founded in 1637, and the College for Flemish students, established in 1650. One can imagine of how much importance and of what influence these ten thousand students were in the city, especially when one remembers that in the beginning Bologna was a student university. This seems an obvious characterization until it is recalled that such a university was one in which the professors were engaged by the students to give instruction, very much as a private society of today would contract with a lecturer for his learning.

It is interesting now when one looks back upon some of the methods of procedure at Bologna to

find that long ago education was much as it is today, even if one has no desire to deny the marvelous modern developments along the scientific paths. A few details in regard to degrees may be of interest. At Bologna no examination was required of the candidate for the Bachelor's degree. If a student wished to be a teacher of the law, permission was granted him after he had completed a five years' course in law. For the Licentiate degree a private examination was required, but for the Doctorate a candidate was obliged to defend his thesis in public. And a Doctor of Bologna was a learned man. In 1292 Pope Nicholas the Fourth decreed that all who had received their licenses as Doctors from the Bishop of Bologna, whose consent was necessary for the degree, were henceforth to have the right to give instruction anywhere. As may well be judged, this decree gave added value to the degree, and placed the university more strictly under church authority. From now on Bologna's system of degrees was one with that of Paris; and on the

schools of both cities were modeled the universities of later years.

Though medicine had been studied at Bologna before Thaddeus of Florence joined the teaching staff in 1260, it was under his inspiration that a regular school of medicine was formed, in which surgery, dissection, and anatomy received large attention. In 1360 the school of theology was established by Innocent the Sixth, with the Bishop of Bologna as Chancellor. As these schools and others grew, the student body gradually became more and more a student body solely, and the schools, on their part, became co-ordinated into a more compact university organization. So the university flourished through the centuries.

To behold the university to-day with its depleted ranks of students and professors, one cannot realize its immense importance in the old days when its law school was the first in Europe and its school of medicine modern in many respects even from a twentieth century viewpoint. But the students of to-day will show the visitor the old chronicles that tell of the numerous con-

flicts between town and gown in the thirteenth century, when the gown usually had the better of the quarrel. And the professors are proud to occupy the chairs which have been distinguished by many a brilliant predecessor. People to-day who regard the feminist movement as one of recent years may look on the roll of professors at old Bologna, and find Novella d'Andrea in the fourteenth century, and, in later years, Laura Bassi and Maria Agnesi, professors of mathematics, Maria Mazzolina a professor of anatomy, and Clotilda Tambroni a professor of Greek. Among the men professors none have achieved more renown than Varoli, the anatomist, Aldrovandi, the botanist, Luigi Galvani, the physicist and inventor of galvanism, Fifelfo and Guarino, the Renaissance classicists, and the great Mezzofanti of the last century.

Not in the present buildings, however, do the older memories blossom, but in the Antico Archiginnasio, that fine Renaissance structure now the civic library. Here one may see statues of numerous professors and hundreds of books adorned

with the armorial bearings of learned sons of Alma Mater, the old anatomical theatre, and the frescoed walls of the old chapel. There is nothing more distinctive in the city than the long colonnades of the court, brilliant with the escutcheons of the professors of past generations.

These colonnades are surely a conspicuous feature of the building, but Bologna has miles and miles of these arcades, which ever shadow the avenues from the sun's heat and make the streets cool and restful. Numerous as they are, you will observe with especial interest that portico over two miles long, under whose six hundred and thirty-five arches you may go from the Porta Saragossa to the pilgrimage church of Madonna di San Luca, one thousand feet above the plain on the Monte della Guardia. This arcaded way was commenced in 1674 and finished in 1739, the expense being met by voluntary contributions from the citizens, who built the structure in honor of the Virgin Mary.

Before you climb the hill you will do well to stop at the Certosa, a Carthusian monastery

founded in 1333, the gardens of which now serve as the Campo Santo of Bologna, a beautiful and striking array of white tombs. The tombs and monuments of many great personages are to be seen in the cloisters which surround the Campo Santo, none of which will engage your attention more than Tadolini's monument to Clotilda Tambroni.

Ere you leave this mediaeval city you should drive up to the heights where stands the church of San Michele in Bosco. The way will lie through the color and shade of the Giardini Margherita, where the music will be pleading for your favor and the cool winds will welcome your coming. Around many a circling bend in the road you will be borne, with vistas of undreamed beauty opening up before you, until you reach the old Olivetan monastery buildings. Here in the years ago the Popes used to come for part of the summer to escape the rigor of the Roman heat, but those days are no longer of the present. A pity, indeed, for it is very beautiful in the old-time papal gardens on the convent grounds. The

terraces are green and smooth, the cloisters are peaceful and pensive, the leaves of the plane-trees are swaying quiveringly in the breeze, and all the flowers are soft to the eye and fragrant with the scent of summer.

It is from this terrace that Bologna wishes you to behold her. Lying in the valley, full half a thousand feet below, stretching out glitteringly in her paths and lanes and broad avenues and wide-reaching squares, she mutely asks you to believe, as you do believe, that Bologna, too, has her claims to your friendship and is willing to attest to their worth. San Petronio's basilica stands forth distinctly, the magnificent church once destined to excel the duomo in Florence and the cathedral of the Eternal City; and not far away you see the leaning towers, almost the sole lonely survivors of the two hundred watch-towers of the Middle Ages. The Renaissance palaces and those still older you can see here and there about the straight streets, and though you are too far away to distinguish them as individuals, you know that among their tenants

have been families with names famous in the city's annals—Isolani, Ghislieri, Bentivoglio. You know that the Pope's legate lived in one; that King Enzio spent many years a prisoner in another; that in the Palazzo Malvezzo-Campeggio are contained tapestries that Henry the Eighth gave to Cardinal Campeggio, Bishop of Bologna, when the cardinal was papal legate to England; that in the Palazzo Bevilacqua the Council of Trent assembled for a season in 1547. You remember also that down there is the little Casa Lambertini in which Benedict the Fourteenth, one of Bologna's six popes, was born, and the house in which Galvani was born is there, and the house in which the painter Guercino lived, and the Casa Rossini which the composer built early in the last century; and you do not forget the old cathedral dedicated to Saint Peter, not far away from the Piazza del Nettuno.

As you look down upon this proud city, silent, thoughtful, ancient when cities now old were young, you can easily forget the hundreds of years that have rolled over the towers and spires and

palace-walls, and remember only the days when the thronging parti-colored ranks of university students from Italy and Spain and France and Germany and England gathered in the squares or filed through the city streets at night singing the songs of home. Or perhaps you see again the brilliant pageant when the Rector in gold and scarlet regalia would accompany a procession of purple-robed learned doctors and black-gowned students to the cathedral, there to be installed as head of the university. Then from out this vision of pomp and song and triumph you evolve that other picture of the saint of old Castile, walking with his barefoot friars about the streets, exhorting all Bologna, men and women, students and townsmen, to do penance and save their souls. And perhaps as you slip back into those old centuries which seem so near when the day is still, you will find yourself on Assumption Day in the year 1222 among the vast multitude in the Piazza, listening eagerly to the words of another saint, who had not the university-bred eloquence which Dominic possessed, but the simple gift of speech that

translated the mystic God-love of his soul and the intense, never-faltering affection of his heart for the human kind. For the Assisian also came to Bologna.

It is here in the papal gardens that these thoughts may come to you some late afternoon. The day has been fair, and the sky softly serene and blue, and the air quiet and dreamful and breathing peace. It is all pleasant to gaze on that old city beneath you, and follow the windings of the Savena and the Reno and the little Aposa, as they flow on to the larger waters beyond. Over in the western limits you can see the thick-lying tombs of the old Certosa silently watching over the graves of the city's unforgotten. San Luca's hill rises high, looking down on a Christian civilization as it looked of old on the Etruscan and the Roman. You can see extending straight through the city, with churches and palaces bordering its length, the ancient Via Emilia, which the triumvir Marcus Emilius Lepidus built from Rimini to Piacenza as a prolongation of the Via Flaminia, and so made Bologna's future secure. Beyond

the flashing, brilliant, brown and white city, beyond the colonnades and the palaces and the campanile and the glistening rivers, you see the level plain rolling away from the sloping Apennines into the dim distance, where the memories of the Este family and of Theodoric and of Malatesta mingle with the winds of the Adriatic. Perhaps as you may begin to think of the little cities of Rimini and Ravenna and Ferrara, you will hear the clock striking the hour on the tower of the Palazzo Communale, and you know that the day is waning, and that the sun is no longer flashing liquid pearls from the fountain of Giovanni da Bologna, but will soon sink behind the green masses of the hills. Come back into the city, with the light of the roseate sunset all about you. The mellow afterglow will appear quickly, and then the cooling shadows of evening; and even already you can feel the touch of the approaching night, when the colonnades will be empty, and the leaning towers will throw long steady shadows across the moonlit piazza, and before Santo Stefano will come the stillness and loneliness and appealing mystery of the Middle Ages.

VII

Lonely Ravenna

ALONE and mournful strand, without a sea; a fair and saddened princess, without a realm; in a ceaseless slumber, but alive; a grave, but a garden eternal. This is Ravenna. She had the sea once, but now it sighs and sobs six miles away; she ruled an empire when Italy was younger by fifteen centuries; she shelters twenty thousand souls to-day, who walk in silence through silent streets. She has buried her ambitions, but her achievements are everywhere, a magnificent memorial to days of grandeur. Ravenna is a beautiful wreckage left by a summer storm, a decaying fragment of glory, but a glory none the less, fair even in the face of death.

What a story the city reveals as you walk through those languid streets, what a faithful telling she makes, with the unrolling of much parchment and the turning of many a page. You

do not like to uncover all these cherished secrets of her heart; you fain would pass on, admire the remnant loveliness of now, and let the old glories of life remain in the never-filled casket of remembrance. But Ravenna would not have it so; for it is in her past that she was smiling; it is in her past that she was proud; it is from her past that come her dreams; and her loves are the voices of the past. She has been young, and now she is old, but across the deeps between youth and age the candle still sparkles and there lives the thrill that claims kinship with eternity. Ravenna is not too selfish to make you sharer in her joy; she welcomes you to her beautiful churches, to her sombre tombs, to her regal palace, to her grass-grown silent squares, to the soft and sorrowed cadences of her pine groves by the sea. And when all this is yours, yours by right of a just measure of imaginative sympathy, Ravenna's romance is yours, too. Her history she gives to him who reads, but her soul's story only to him who comes and pays court and listens to her whispered song.

What a full-fold romance it is! What a thrilling drama must that be which has an Augustus Caesar and a Theodoric and a Justinian and a Dante in the cast; with saints and sinners passing across the stage; with battles won and battles lost, in the action; with deeds of valor displayed, and noble deaths; and ever in the scenes the matchless triumphs of the arts and crafts of a peaceful day.

Ravenna's towers and turrets saw their first birth when in a long-ago, scarce-charted past a body of Thessalians pushed their way hither and founded a colony. The Umbrians and the Etruscans next made themselves at home here, and Ravenna joined in amity with Rome at an early date. Roman citizenship was granted in the year 88 before Christ; Sulla annexed the city to the province of Cisalpine Gaul, taking away her autonomy as a punishment for Marian sympathy; the great Julius Caesar paused here before he crossed the Rubicon; and Augustus brought the town distinction by making her the second station of the fleet of the Roman empire.

THE CHURCH OF SANT' APOLLINARE IN CLASSE FUORI, RAVENNA

In the year 404 Ravenna became the seat of residence of the emperors of the west, Honorius preferring the safety of the lagoon city to the precarious abode in Milan, where barbarian northerners might be expected at any moment. After his death, his sister, Galla Placidia, ruled for twenty-five years as regent for her son, Valentinian the Third. From 490 to 493 the Herulian Odoacer was king in Ravenna, but he was murdered, and Theodoric the Ostrogoth came to the throne. In 539 Belisarius, the Emperor Justinian's mighty general, took the city from Vitiges. The Goths disputed his title between 548 and 550, but he won the day and established Byzantine power here, Ravenna now superseding Rome as the chief city of Italy. The Byzantine exarchate lasted almost two centuries. In the meantime, however, the Lombards had been attracted by the prize. Luitprand entered the city in 731, and Aistulf in 752. Aistulf was also casting covetous eyes on Rome, whereupon Pippin, at the instance of Pope Stephen the Second, intervened. The result was that Ravenna became

united with the territory of the Holy See. The archbishop now governed as legate of the pope, together with three tribunes chosen by the people. In a short time, however, the archbishop began to side with the imperial party. This condition of things underwent a decided change in 1198 when Ravenna headed the league of cities of Romagna and the Marches against imperial aggrandizement. Papal power again was recognized.

Ravenna, like the other Italian cities, had her internal disputes. The Traversari were the leading family in the thirteenth century until 1275, when they were dispossessed of power by Guido Novella da Polenta. The latter family governed for one hundred and fifty years, and then Ravenna fell to Venice. In 1509 Venice restored the city to Pope Julius the Second, who made Ravenna the capital of Romagna. In 1512 the French defeated the Spanish and papal armies in the notable battle of Ravenna, Gaston de Foix losing his life in the conflict. In 1527 the Venetians occupied the city, but withdrew in 1529. Papal government then existed until 1797, when

Ravenna became a portion of the Cispadane republic, and subsequently a part of the Cisalpine republic. In the nineteenth century Ravenna saw both France and Austria desirous of the rule, a restoration of papal government, and finally in 1860 annexation with the new kingdom of Italy.

In her buildings Ravenna is to-day very much what she was in Byzantine days. Time has destroyed much, to be sure, but the city remains still a marvelously precious treasury of the work of the first Christian centuries.

As you view all this art to-day you may wish that you might see the city of the old days as well, when Ravenna's streets were a network of canals, when boats and bridges were everywhere, and houses raised on wooden piles completed the Venetian aspect. You would gaze on the suburb of Cesarea alive with people and active with busy toil. You would see the old naval base of Classis with her many dockyards and strong barrack-walls; the two hundred and fifty war galleys of Rome would make a pleasing sight as they trembled on the sea in the spacious harbor; and

the tides of the Adriatic daily sweeping up the great canal of Augustus, diffusing the sweet odors of the ocean through every lagooned isle, would greet you as a grateful blessing on a weary heart.

But Ravenna boasts no lagoons now, no charming island palaces, no fleet of lovely boats threading a system of canalized streets. A large canal she has, not the Augustan waterway, but the Corsini canal, which Pope Clement the Twelfth built in 1736 to connect the city with the port. And the port is six miles away from the modern Ravenna. For the sea has been ebbing away through the centuries, eight feet and more a year, marooning the city ever farther from the waters, a forsaken derelict gazing on her desolation. So she stands to-day, a city of the marsh, the marsh that kept many a barbarian hand afar, and saved Ravenna to the world as the Byzantine museum supreme.

When you begin to examine the glory of Ravenna, you most likely will turn, whithersoever you are bent, into the Piazza Maggiore. It is in the centre of the city, covering the palace-

circled area that once knew the Forum. Fair-sculptured capitals of the columns of the colonnade will speak to you in accents of hoary antiquity, two granite columns will be Venice's witnesses to you that she once ruled here, and the statue of Clement the Twelfth will remind you that the papal ruler was loved in Ravenna. But you will not linger over-long just now, for you are going, if you choose your route most wisely, to the burial chapel of Galla Placidia. This represents better than anything else in the city the old Western Empire which moved its capital from Milan to Ravenna in the days of Honorius.

Galla Placidia is one of the famed women of history. She was the beautiful daughter of Theodosius the Great and his wife Galla, and was a sister of Honorius. She first came into prominence from the fact of being one of those taken prisoner by Alaric after the sack of Rome. She married Ataulphus, who was Alaric's brother and successor as King of the Visigoths. He was murdered in 414, and Galla Placidia after a time married Constantius, the successful general of

her brother. He now became associated with Honorius in the affairs of the empire. After the death of Constantius, Placidia, on account of a disagreement with Honorius, withdrew with her children to Constantinople. But when her brother died, she came back to represent her son's rights to the throne against John, the usurper. Successful in her efforts, she ruled the Western Empire as regent for the weak Valentinian for a quarter of a century. Possessed of great riches, she devoted them unsparingly to the adornment of Ravenna, and when she died in Rome in 450, her capital city of the Adriatic was a fair memorial of her eventful life.

This chapel which she built is the earliest Byzantine monument of art in the city. A humble brick structure in the form of a Latin cross, the domed mausoleum does not impress the visitor with any show of magnificence. It is within the chapel, now known as the church of Santi Nazaro e Celso, that the glory lies, the red and gold and blue and white of the rare fifth century mosaics that gleam on arch and cornice and dome. Some

Eastern prince might have hung those walls with his richest gems, to make this chapel tomb a jewel-box of his fancy. For so those mosaics will make their appeal as they render the Christian story in the colored glow. In one lunette over the entrance to the nave the youthful Christ, as the Good Shepherd, is seated among His flock; in the cupola are eight Apostles and a finely ornamented cross; and elsewhere in the mausoleum the figuring is to be observed, the most perfect symbolism of the early days.

Beneath the dome in the church rests the tomb of the Empress; not far away lies the tomb of her second husband, Constantius; and a little distance off stands the sarcophagus of their son, Valentinian the Third. The three are cenotaphs, now, empty memorials of those imperial Caesars. Once upon a time the embalmed body of Galla Placidia, clad in the raiment of an empress, rested within the tomb, in a seated position on a throne of cypress. Through an aperture she could be seen by all, until a fateful day in 1577, when some children inserted a lighted taper and accidentally

set the robes afire. In a short time the body of the great queen lay in dust. Her tomb, then, is empty, these three hundred years and more, but the little chapel which encloses it is a sign to men that the daughter of Theodosius the Great once measured out in no petty way a lifetime of achievement in the capital city of Italy.

A step from the mausoleum chapel of the Empress stands the great church of San Vitale. Galla Placidia had been dead for three-quarters of a century when this edifice had its inception in the year 526. Odoacer was a memory, too, and Theodoric was in the last year of his life. But Theodoric had no active part in the building of San Vitale, as the Gothic king was an Arian Christian, and the church was an orthodox Catholic church. It belongs properly to the period of Justinian, the law-giver of civilization, who aided in its completion. The church was built under the guidance of Archbishop Ecclesius by the architect Julianus Argentarius, and was consecrated by Saint Maximian in 547. As its name indicates, it

is sacred to the memory of Saint Vitalis, who suffered martyrdom upon this place.

The church of San Vitale is a magnificent structure of Byzantine architecture, the first great specimen of that type in Italy. An octagonal mass of brick, rugged and strong from base to dome, is the external effect, and it is only in the interior that you can find the real beauty of the masterpiece. The eight marble-cased columns supporting the arches, the richly-carved Byzantine-Corinthian capitals, the grand dome—it is a fair sight for the seeker of fair things. More beautiful than all else is the blaze of color of the mosaic-work upon the walls. This has lasted through the centuries since the time of Justinian, and even today is a joy in the purple and green and blue and gold of the color-splendor.

A short visit will not give you what this church holds; but even a brief tarrying may help you to understand why Charlemagne chose it as the model of his palatine chapel at Aix-la-Chapelle. When you depart, and are on your way again, you will find much interest in the old tomb of

the Exarch Isaac, which stands in a side lane close at hand.

The cathedral at Ravenna has little interest from the viewpoint of antiquity. It was founded by Archbishop Ursus about the year 380, but was almost completely rebuilt in 1734 by Archbishop Guiccioli. The old round campanile still stands, however, and the crypt is also a relic of the old days. Within the church the visitor will see several early Christian marble tombs and a fine silver crucifix, a work of the sixth century.

By this time you will be so much in tune with centuries a millennium and a half away that you will not wonder at the age of the present church of San Giovanni in Fonte, which adjoins the cathedral. But this low, octagonal, flat-domed structure is very ancient, being built in 451 by Archbishop Neon. Within the dome are dazzling mosaics, perhaps the finest in Ravenna, and certainly the oldest. Almost fifteen hundred years have come and gone since this sparkling sky of blue and gold was fashioned here, and yet the gleam and glory have not faded, and the radiant

colors have lost little of their old-time tone. And they have received scarcely a touch from the restorer's hand.

Joy akin to the delight just experienced awaits you in the Chapel of the Archbishop's palace close at hand. The chapel was built by Saint Peter Chrysalogus between the years 439 and 450, and has seen no change worth the mention. The mosaics recall some of those of the church of San Vitale, and are similar in subject. Very beautiful to the eye is the ivory chair, said to have been the throne of Saint Maximian.

There is much in Ravenna to recall Theodoric, the king who defeated Odoacer and set up the Ostrogothic state in Italy. In his rule of thirty-three years he did much to make the historian pause. In Ravenna Theodoric built several great churches for the Arian worship, as the King was of the heretic fold. Of the two which remain the more important is the large basilica of Sant' Apollinare Nuovo, built about the year 500 as a cathedral for the Arian bishops. It originally was called the church of San Martino in Coelo

Aureo. In 560, after the fall of the Ostrogothic kingdom, the church was consecrated for Catholic worship by Archbishop Agnellus. In the ninth century the relics of Sant' Apollinare were deposited here, and since then the church has been known by its present name.

Not a remarkably impressive sight is this great church, as you approach it. It once possessed a fine atrium and an apse, but these were removed long ago. The interior makes compensation more than satisfying. The twenty-four marble columns from Constantinople, with their Byzantine capitals are very beautiful, and the mosaics, with which Archbishop Agnellus decorated the church, are fair and shining. Interesting, too, are the mosaic portrait of the Emperor Justinian, the bishop's throne one thousand years old, and the marble screen, which are to be seen in the chapel wherein rest the relics of Sant' Apollinare.

The other church which Theodoric built stands not far away. It is called the church of Spirito Santo now, but was once known as the church of San Teodoro. The columns in the vestibule and

in the nave are deserving of the admiration they receive. Opposite the church stands the old Baptistery of the Arians. This octagonal structure was renamed in honor of Santa Maria in Cosmedin after it came under Catholic jurisdiction. The sixth century mosaics of the dome were executed in the Catholic régime.

There are two other principal monuments of Theodoric in Ravenna, his palace and his tomb. Nothing but a remnant of an annex is left of that imperial palace, which shared with the fortress in Verona the days of the Gothic king. But it was exquisitely handsome once, before Charlemagne removed its marbles and mosaics to adorn his palace at Aix-la-Chapelle. It is difficult now in the presence of this little fragment of wall to body forth in the imagination the form of that rich mansion of the Goth and Exarch and Lombard. What plans of conquest were laid there, what dreams of golden spoil, what councils of life and death—the arches and columns are silent with their secret. In an olden half-forgotten day fair gardens lay about the palace, and in their

orchards the King of the Goths liked to labor. One wonders if he liked the voice of the sea as it would sweep up to the garden wall, a royal guest of royalty. Did he like the dance and frolic of a million stars on the quivering face of the water? Did the moonbeams sleeping on the green stretches of lawn evoke the softer smiles of a heart at ease? It is of little matter now. But think of him as you will, as a wise ruler, as a cruel man, as a heretic even, all your thoughts will inevitably lead to that space of flower-strewn grasses without the city, where his mausoleum stands.

The tomb is standing, indeed, a picturesque memorial to the genius of the Barbarian. But it doubtless would have been shattered and ruined, even as the palace has been, but for the wisdom of the Catholic church in converting it into the chapel of Santa Maria della Rotonda. The ashes of the king were scattered to the winds when the Gothic empire fell, but the tomb that once enshrined them will last for many more centuries. The mausoleum is a round, two-storied

structure, built in the Roman manner, and is surmounted by a great dome, thirty-six feet in diameter, and three feet thick, a single block of Istrian granite. As Theodoric watched this huge monument mould itself into art, he must have thought often of the fallen kings of old, those untamed kindred chieftains lying in forgotten graves beyond the Danube shores.

In Ravenna you have little desire to visit picture galleries and museums; the city itself is too vast and glorious a museum to brook any lesser rivals. Nevertheless you will go some day to the Accademia di Belle Arti to see the collection of pictures which represent the Longhi family, the native painters. Canova and Thorvaldsen will attract you with their sculpture, but you will pay most homage to that creation of Tullio Lombardi, the tomb of Guidarello Guidarelli, the Ravennese warrior. It is one of the most exquisite conceptions of the repose after battle ever committed to marble. In the Museo Nazionale, once the beautiful old monastery of the Camaldulensians, is Luca Longhi's masterpiece of the "Marriage of

Cana." Many a memorial tomb, ancient and modern, rests in the cloistered halls.

Tombs everywhere, one will think, in Ravenna. There is indeed at least one more, that speaks not of Roman emperor or Gothic king, but of a Tuscan poet, a world genius, in whose presence but two figures may stand in comradeship. It is the resting-place of the supreme singer of the Middle Ages, Dante. The mausoleum stands near the church of San Francesco, in the vestibule of which the Florentine exile was first buried. Dante's tomb was originally the work of Pietro Lombardi, who built it in 1482 at the instance of Bernardo Bembo, the representative of Venice in the city, but now, through reconstruction, it is rather modern. The old palace of the Polenta looks down upon the tomb from across the way, a fitting guard for the poet's grave. For it was Guido da Polenta who gave him the welcome of Ravenna after Florence had forbidden him her shelter and had doomed him to follow the wandering roads. How willingly would Florence blot that page in her chronicles none but a Florentine can tell you.

But it may not be so; and Ravenna likes to tell her guests how the great Dante came to her, with his daughter Beatrice, how he wooed the Muses here, and here gave to the world the entire body of his poems. She likes to tell the story of his service to the city, and render an account of his death which came of fever contracted in that service. She has a never-fading dream of gentle women who have come to the tomb and have dropped a rose or breathed a prayer, and have gone away all quietly; she recalls the men who have passed this way with heads bared in reverent remembrance of the maker of *The Divine Comedy*: Chateaubriand made his visit here, Byron was a pilgrim, Pius the Ninth lingered in reverie. For in this tomb sleeps one who peered with steady eye into worlds beyond the day, a prophet-poet who shall not come again.

More than one other beautiful edifice will lie in your path as you saunter through the old city. There is the church of San Giovanni Evangelista, modernized in 1747, but preserving many memorials of Galla Placidia, who built it in 424

as an offering in thanksgiving for having been saved on a voyage from Constantinople to Ravenna; there is the church of San Giovanni Battista, built in 438 by the same lady, but rebuilt for the most in 1683; there is the church of Sant' Agata, which has twenty columns that look back to the fifth century and Honorius; and two miles beyond the Porta Alberoni, the gate built in honor of Clement the Twelfth, there are the stern walls of the church of Santa Maria in Porto Fuori, which recall the eleventh century, when the campanile base was the lighthouse, it is thought, of the port of Ravenna.

You have not seen Ravenna yet; you have not partaken of her welcome truly; for you have still to seek that marvelous edifice, standing lone and desolate three miles out of the Porta Nuova, the church of Sant' Apollinare in Classe Fuori. No matter where else in the world you will go, no matter how thickly you will crowd your mind with cities' faces and peaceful hills, you will never lose the memory of that old church and the journey to its doors. That journey to its doors—the dank,

dreary marshland, the pestilential waters behind the dyke, the wide acres of rice-fields, the low, shivering wastes of wide grass—it is the sublimity of grieving Nature. This wet land is all that is left of Classis, so full of life in the days of Augustus, so lovely with orchards and gardens fourteen hundred years ago. Perhaps it is in doleful memory of those better days that the fields deck themselves in a mantle of color in the springtime, pleading for your glances with the purple orchids and the pink tamarisk, and the while lilies. This is the beautiful way the land would make you forget the morasses beneath the blossoming glow. Over the raised causeway you drive on, with the tears of things so eloquent on either side. No house is here to watch your coming, no fragment arch of Rome, no broken tomb of broken king. Destroyed by the hand of the Lombard Luitprand, Classis lies dead, and is no more.

Still you journey forward, and then, dimly at first, but ever more clearly, you see a tower and a cross and the broad outlines of a church. You come closer in the solemn stillness of this second

Roman Campagna, and in a moment you are before that marvelous edifice erected fourteen centuries ago, in magnitude and beauty the foremost early Christian basilica in existence, the church of Sant' Apollinare in Classe.

This vast basilica, with its tall round campanile, was commenced in the year 534 by Julianus Argentorius, when Ursicinus was archbishop of Ravenna; it was consecrated by Archbishop Maximian in 549; it saw restoration in 1779 and again in 1904. The church is sacred to the memory of Saint Apollinaris, the first bishop of Ravenna, and the only martyr among all her bishops. It is thought that he suffered martyrdom at this spot where now the great church rests so pensively on the plain.

Once upon a time a broad portico adorned the edifice, but this is gone now. The modern workmanship on the façade does nothing to enhance the beauty of the church or to enrich the visitor with associations of antiquity. It is to the interior that you will go to find a glory and magnificence more than satisfying. It is a rare moment when

first you look down the long avenue between the twenty-four Corinthian columns, and survey the aisles reaching spaciously away toward the farthest recesses of the large basilica. That fair nave which beckons you on once gleamed in glittering marble and priceless mosaic, but their empire is ended these many centuries, and along the arches are now to be seen the portraits of the one hundred and thirty-one bishops of Ravenna. You look with interest on the ancient tombs, where have been sleeping for twelve hundred years archbishops who once wore mitre and carried crosier up the mighty aisle.

The mosaics along the nave are a memory; but the tribune and the rood-arch before it still wear the mosaic jewels of the sixth and seventh centuries. From a glowing mass of pink and light blue clouds, within a star-set circle of blue, gleams an exquisite cross with a half-length figure of Christ. Fair, too, are the representation of Saint Apollinaris preaching in the meadow and the conception of the "Transfiguration," Italy's first picture, most probably, on this subject.

But it is damp here; the pavements are sinking in the ooze of the fenland; green moss would like to find a habitation on the cold marble. One will not remain long beneath the old wooden roof of this church. Outdoors in the sunlight the marshes wander away, far and far, in the direction of the Apennine horizon—and Ravenna's gates lie across the moor. But not yet does the backward pathway lead, for as your eyes fell upon the basilica on your journey hither, they also descried a dense mass of forest rising to the eastward. And most wisely did you guess that you were looking at the famous Pineta, the pinewoods of Ravenna, which stand in patriarchal splendor along the Adriatic shores. It would be unfortunate if you did not seek now, if only for a little, the shadowed depths of their pleasant ways.

In the long ago, when Augustus was lord of the world, his ships lay in the roadstead outside Ravenna's walls, waiting the imperial nod. How full of wonder would Caesar be to come back today and find all those dense pine trees swaying as majestically as ever did Roman galleys. For it

is the old harbor that now is woodland. And not merely at Ravenna do the proud pines grow, but along the Adriatic seas for forty miles they sentinel the coast, watchful of the fretting waves. Of unimagined beauty are those great pines, though frost and fire have tried to mar them. Their stems rise up from the shrubbery, straight and tall and bare. Sometimes they range themselves in columned alleys, displaying vistas shadowed as the aisles in the lonely basilica; sometimes they group themselves in numerous companies like old giants massing for a fray; sometimes they stand in unfaltering ranks, hundreds and hundreds of imperial trees, in leagues and leagues of superb unconscious magnificence. And always the tree-tops are velvet green, a loveliness more fair to the Ravenna people on account of the rich treasure of cones which grow in the dusky boughs.

As you proceed through this old pine woods, the sights and sounds and odors of Nature's life will surprise and gladden you. The heavy aroma of acacia and rose, the faint fragrance of the low-voiced sea, the treble notes of the sweet-throated

birds, the whispering of the breeze through bush and shrub, the golden glint of the lizard darting through the grass, the unsteady, checkered lines of sunlight on the rich moss—it is truly a forest primeval, where Nature is at peace. And as you take your ease and woo delight among the trees, you will remember, if you are learned, that Dante loved to come here in the days when Polenta was his host; that here in the sun and shadow he would think the thoughts divine that were to make the *Commedia;* and that in the pages of his eternal song he has left his praises of the pine-woods. And if you have visited Byron's house in Ravenna, you have learned from the inscription thereon that it was the old forest which attracted the English poet to the city. It is truly a place for men to come, who seek a bower of contemplation; it is a spot for long thoughts and calm meditation; and it would not surprise you if the old trees themselves, whose fathers fought in Crusaders' ships, are thinking, amid the voices of many winds, of the men and deeds of unrecorded days.

You may go back to Ravenna now, through the marsh-land and the rice-fields, past the dykes and the waters, past that cross on the marble column on the spot where Cesarea's basilica stood, and so within the gates of the quiet city. The churches will once again speak their message of the years, the palaces of dead princes will wearily listen to your footsteps, a little wind gently brushing through the narrow lanes will sing of numbered days and achievement: all of the present still calls to the past, to the glory and power in the wallet of time.

You will remain longer, perhaps, in the peaceful city, dreaming her dreams in a silent sympathy. And you will somehow learn to feel that as Ravenna rests here in her age-old quiescence, she forever is looking toward the East, toward the purple domes of Constantinople, wondering, as she wistfully watches over the waters, if her beautiful sister on the Bosphorus will ever sink to a misty, half-real city by the sea, a ghost of one-time splendor, like a pallid picture, or a mosaic past its day. For this is what Ravenna is; an

old mosaic, the colors fading, the figures wearing away, the beauty of the youthtime gradually and surely yielding its empery before the withering touch of the years. And yet, when you leave this time-torn city of loneliness, you cannot but know that Ravenna is a thing of beauty quite incomparable; for you remember that within her peaceful confines there is the romance of a world's empire clinging to her columns, the romance of a world's poet breathing through her streets, the romance of a world's Church chanting its song along cathedral aisles and blending its music with the murmuring of the pines.

VIII

In Fair Verona

IT is dreaming, dreaming, all the way, in Italy. From Sorrento to Siena, from Rome to Ravenna, everywhere and always — one long vision of half-eternal beauty. And so the pathland of your fancy ever through Venetia is strewn with dream. If I might guess your thoughts as the train or your motor-car rumbles in the twilight through the maize fields and vineyards outside Verona, I should conjure up a garden, a beautiful moonlit garden, and a palace balcony all fragrant with the scent of roses. And there would be an eager lover in the garden by name of Romeo, and there would be a maiden faithful in the balcony who called herself Juliet; Romeo and Juliet, world-loved lovers of world-famed "households, both alike in dignity, in fair Verona, where we lay our scene."

Verona is the city of Juliet, and is as beautiful

as our fancies of that fair daughter of the Capuletti. Beautiful in palaces, beautiful in streets, beautiful in churches, in campanili, in pictures, in tombs, in cypress gardens, beautiful in the rushing blue waters that flow through her heart, Verona is the most magnificent city of Venetia. She will ask you to remain longer than your leisure may allow you.

A temple of beauty she is, of a certainty, but none the less surely is Verona a fortress and an armed camp. For standing here in north Italy at the foot of the Brenner Pass, she is the gateway of the northern world, the world that ever has been an embattled host against the Italian peninsula. It will not be uninteresting, perhaps, when one thinks of Verona under this aspect, to recall the chief events in her history.

Chronicle first remembers Verona as a city of the Euganean Gauls. They yielded to the Cenomani five hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. Two and a half centuries later Roman expansion had assimilated the Veronese land, but Verona waited until the year 59 for the franchise.

Under imperial sway she remained a fortified city where the Italian roads met, fighting Rome's battles against the hills. When in 452 Attila swept through Venetia, Verona fell prostrate, but she rose again, and was a fortress for Odoacer in 476. But Theodoric, the great Ostrogoth king, drove him out in 493. Theodoric built a fortress in Verona and kept the city until 552, when the Gothic rule was overthrown by the Byzantine Valerian. In 569 the Lombard king, Alboin, captured the town, and the rule of the Lombards now prevailed until Charlemagne shattered their kingdom. The new kings of Italy made Verona their residence, the Counts of San Bonifacio governing the city.

But the citizens grew wealthy and powerful, and at the opening of the twelfth century made Verona a commune. When she joined the Lombard League, the factions of Guelphs and Ghibellines sprang into being, bringing the usual local disturbances with them. When death came to the Ghibelline Ezzelino da Romano, lord of Verona through a long period of years in the thirteenth

century, the Great Council of the city elected Mastino della Scala as podestà. He succeeded in making the rule of Verona an heirloom in his family, a coveted possession which was to last until 1387. During this period of a century and a quarter the Scala family counted among their number warriors, patrons of art, wealthy princes, and at least two fratricides. The most famous of the Scala name are Can Grande the First, the protector of Dante, who dedicated the *Paradiso* to him, the patron of Petrarch, and the conqueror of many a town in Venetia; Mastino the Second, the conqueror of Brescia, the purchaser of Parma and Lucca, next to the King of France the richest man in Europe, a prince who fought and of course lost the struggle against the combined force of Florence, Venice, the Visconti, the Gonzaga, and the Este; and Can Signorio, who built beautiful palaces, and bridged the Adige, and brought drinking water to the city, an estimable prince if he had no brother's blood upon his hands.

The Scaliger rule came to a close in October, 1387, after Gian Galeazzo Visconti of Milan

had exhausted Verona's power of resistance. In 1404, Guglielmo, grandson of Mastino the Second, led the people against the Milanese and drove them out, but he died soon after; and in 1405, when Gian was dead, Venice became mistress of Verona. With the exception of the years between 1490 and 1517, when the Emperor Maximilian the First was in possession of the town, Verona was a lovely city of the Venetian Republic, until Napoleon came down, as Charlemagne had done, and in 1797 ended the sway of the queen of the Adriatic. Austria came next, but she, too, returned home in 1866, when Verona, her southern fortress-city, became the northern stronghold of the Italian king.

When Verona was a part of the civilization of the Roman world, she had a Forum which served her as that great space near the Golden Milestone ministered to the citizens of the Tiber city. The Forum still remains, even if the empire that built it is dead, and to no other place should the visitor to Verona make his initial visit. He will find it to-day a great fruit and vegetable market,

picturesque as he may find in Italy. The Piazza delle Erbe it is called, a busy centre of life now, as it was nineteen hundred years ago, and as it continued to be through the long centuries of the Middle Ages.

When you first come in sight of the Piazza, you are bewildered by the multiple array of white umbrellas protecting the market women's stalls from the sun, and you will find an intense interest in the color and glow of the modern pageantry. But you will cease to wonder after a little, and will look about for the things of old. In the centre of the square you will see a fountain originally of the time of Berengarius the First of the tenth century, but rebuilt by Can Signorio in the fourteenth century. Close beside stands the Tribune, where the judgments were announced to the people in the days of the Scaligers and after. At the north side of the Piazza rises a marble column bearing to-day a lion of Saint Mark, as it did when the Venetian Republic ruled beneficently over the land of Verona. The home of Alberto della Scala is here, the Casa Mazzanti, as well as

the Casa dei Mercanti, which he began, and many another old house and palace; and there is the Lamberti tower, and the Torre del Gardello which once boasted the first clock seen in Verona.

From the life and color of the Piazza delle Erbe to the peace of the Piazza dei Signori is only a step. Dante's statue presides over the enclosure, to commemorate his stay in Verona when he was banished from Florence; and on every side beautiful buildings of mediaeval days stand together, communing on proud centuries that have gone to dust with the Scaligers that saw them. The Palazzo delle Ragione, built in 1183 for the law courts, has a courtyard fair to look upon and a Gothic staircase that is the pride of the city. Beside a brick campanile, which rises in a magnificence of three hundred feet, stands the Tribunale, and across the way old palaces of the Scaligers. On the north side is the ancient town hall, the Palazzo del Consiglio, better known as the Loggia, which Fra Gioconda, it is thought, built for the Venetian government in the late fifteenth century. It is truly of wonder-

ful grace and loveliness, and is an exceptional specimen of Italian Renaissance architecture. Upon the door Giovanni Compagna has worked a bronze Annunciation, and above the Venetians have left their tribute to Verona, "Pro summa fide summus amor, MDXCII." The busts of famed Veronese citizens are ranged in niches along the façade to tell the passer-by that the city is not forgetful.

An arched passage invites the wanderer to explore beyond, and he will follow the path to the church of Santa Maria Antica. It is the *Sainte Chapelle* of Verona, the court chapel of the Scaligers, nine hundred years old. Outside the chapel there is stimulus a-plenty for the fancy, in those great reminders of the great family, the magnificent Gothic tombs of the Scaligers.

Most noted among the Scala family was Can Grande, who was lord of Verona between 1311 and 1329. It is then with a certain propriety that his sarcophagus rests in an exalted position over the entrance of the church. On the tomb, surrounded by bas-reliefs of the chief events of

his life, the prince lies in sculptured rest, his sword at peace by his side; above, surmounting the pinnacle of an arched canopy, he rides, a marble knight on a marble horse, seeking the battles and the victories in a charge silent and motionless, but lacking not the sweep and dash and irresistible confidence of the life of fire and blood.

There is a tiny graveyard beside the church, enclosed with an exquisite grille of wrought iron, which displays frequently the ladder device of the Scala family. In this diminutive Campo Santo lie other members of the Scaligeri, with noble sarcophagi guarding their dust, and many a sculptured Virtue and Saint pleading for peace and love and salvation. Mastino the First, Alberto, Mastino the Second, Can Signorio, whose tomb by Bonino da Campione is finest of all—the bones of these keep watch with Can Grande's ashes. It is quiet enough now in the little graveyard, uncommonly peaceful, indeed, for those who made such a stir in the world hundreds of years ago. Would one wonder if in the solemn stillness of some dark

Verona night unheard whisperings tremble along the trellis work, and unseen figures walk together on the unpaved paths that only spirits know?

You will leave the tombs of the dead at last, and seek the living welcome of the Duomo. On your way you will visit the exquisite Gothic church of Sant' Anastasia, which the Dominicans built in the thirteenth century. Coroto, Liberale da Verona, Francesco Morone, and other native painters have left their handiwork within the spacious interior. Outside and within it is a beautiful edifice, a harmony of delicate blendings of color and material. Beside the church, above a gateway, is the tomb of Can Grande's friend, Guglielmo da Castelbarco, a monument of wonderful beauty.

A little way, and the fair outlines of the Duomo disclose themselves. A work of the twelfth and fourteenth centuries, the present cathedral is the successor of older churches, and occupies ground once sacred to Minerva's worship. It is an imposing edifice, the portal, with its canopy resting on griffins, being particularly magnificent. Notice-

able among the reliefs of the entrance are the figures of Roland and Oliver, the paladins of Charlemagne.

What first impresses the visitor to the interior is the beauty of the eight red Verona pillars which support the vaulting of the nave. And then he will seek out the charms of Sanmicheli's superb Renaissance screen of marble, and the bronze crucifix by Gian Battista da Verona; he will pause in aesthetic contemplation over the Gothic loveliness of the tomb known as Sant' Agata's; he will admire the "Adoration" of Liberale and the fair glory of Titian's "Assumption." The Baptistery, with its twelfth century font, and the cloisters still are in waiting, as well as the rare palimpsests of the Biblioteca Capitolare.

Not far from the Duomo the Adige flows tumultuously around a great bend. The oldest bridge in the city, the Ponte Pietra, will take you across to the church of San Stefano, once Verona's cathedral, a little journey from the ancient Roman theatre. The edifice is a reconstructed sixth cen-

tury building, the original resting place of many bishops and martyrs.

The Via Sant' Alessio will carry you now to the church of San Georgio in Braida, where Sanmicheli, that greatest of Veronese architects, again shows his skill. Within the church are a number of very fine paintings. Chief among them are the "Madonna and Saints" of Girolamo dai Libri, the "Madonna in Clouds" of Moretto, and the "Martyrdom of Saint George" of Paolo Veronese. It is more than a picture gallery; the church is full of that sweet compelling atmosphere that bids you linger and rest and pray.

There is one more great church for you to see in Verona, but it is some distance from San Georgio's. Your way thither will lead you past much that is best in the city. Go through the promenades, and across the river by the Ponte Garibaldi, to the Lung' Adige Panvinio. A turn leftward will disclose the thirteenth century Gothic church of Santa Eufemia, the cloisters of which, designed by Sanmicheli, and Monneto's "Madonna and Child" are worth seeing. The

Corso Porta Borsari lies beyond, at the western end of which the Porta de' Borsari, a Roman gate of the year 265, invites you. Here the Corso Cavour begins its beautiful avenue of palaces, some of them of Sanmicheli's planning. A church or two are worth your note; and all the steady stream of busy people will tell you that this is a street of modern days. At the end of the avenue the mighty fortress of the Castel Vecchio, a Scaliger stronghold, looms up, a stern, bulky, magnificent barracks now, with lofty towers speaking across to the forked battlements of the grand bridge over the river. The Rigaste San Zeno leads you on, and presently you reach your destination, the church of San Zeno Maggiore, in the peace and solitude of the city's edge.

There is no edifice in Verona that affords so much interest as the church of San Zeno Maggiore, just as there is none in north Italy that surpasses this as an achievement in Romanesque architecture. While indeed a church stood on this site in the ninth century, the present structure, with its detached brick and marble campanile, is

a work of the twelfth, and has passed through a nineteenth century restoration. A red brick church it stands, with a wonderful façade of red and white and yellow marble. The exquisite portal rests on columns supported by marble lions. One can study for hours at a time the twelfth century sculptured figures that adorn it.

From the entrance a flight of thirteen steps leads downward to the nave. The vast interior is a harmony of well-proportioned space. It contains many interesting objects. The visitor will see among other things an antique vase of porphyry nine feet in diameter, an old font, Romanesque statues of Christ and the Apostles on the choir screen, and many a faded fresco telling glad tales of former splendor. The masterpiece "Madonna and Saints" announces Mantegna's claim to rare merit; a painted statue of San Zeno, and his simple tomb in the crypt, remind everyone that this is his church; and the fair loveliness of the old Benedictine cloisters begs the grace of more than a passing glance.

As you go away from the broad piazza, weary

and happy at once, you have no thoughts but of rest and shadowy windows; but for all that you will wish to take the best way home. You will drive along the road that leads by the old Franciscan church of San Bernardino, where the Renaissance perfection of Sanmicheli's Cappella Pellegrini should tempt you, tired as you are, to alight and tarry. And then your way lies up the Corso Cavour and on to your Verona inn.

There are two centres of life in Verona. The Piazza delle Erbe has a rival in the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, or Piazza Brà, the old name by which it is still known. The main interest here for the stranger to the city rests in the old Roman amphitheatre that rises at the eastern side of the Piazza, a brown, grim, massive pile. Since the days of Diocletian this arena has stood, witnessing the centuries slowly pass by, and outlasting their whips and scorns even to this day. Many a time have the old stones seen twenty thousand people cheer a blood-reddened gladiator, who had felled with brute strength a brute beast less strong; they have watched Christian martyrs

dragged here for sacrifice; they have looked upon tournaments of the Middle Ages and jousts of the Renaissance; Pius the Sixth they saw when he gave benediction to an assembled multitude; and they remember the great Napoleon who graced the arena at the games he gave over a hundred years ago.

There is a broad way leading from the Piazza Brà, the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, and it takes you to the Porta Nuovo, whence you may drive to the Porta del Palio. These gates are objects of remarkable beauty in design and workmanship, but the hand of Sanmicheli could make them nothing else.

Who will wish to leave Verona without seeing Juliet's tomb? No one, to be sure—but everyone does. The sarcophagus shown as that of the heroine of Shakespeare's play is itself a play on a visitor's fancy, but as he probably is aware of that fact, little harm is done him. Perhaps the old mediaeval house in the Via Capello, supposed to be that of the Capulets, may have been the

scene of her childhood, and one may allow oneself the privilege of belief.

Verona's picture gallery and archaeological collections are to be found in the Palazzo Lavezzola-Pompei, which lies across the Adige. The Ponte delle Navi takes you there, and generously gives you a fine vantage point from which to view the Gothic beauty of the church of San Fermo Maggiori, which you are leaving behind. In the gallery there is much to see if you would give a careful study to the Veronese school of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It will repay you also to visit two churches on this side of the river, that of Santi Nazaro e Celso and the church of Santa Maria in Organo. Sanmicheli was the architect for each, and Fra Giovanni da Verona built the campanile of the latter church. Both churches are adorned with beautiful pictures.

But there is something else on this side of the stream that is more lovely than any picture in Verona—the Giardino Giusti. No one who comes to Verona can forget those tall, straight, green-clad, ancient cypress trees, which stand so still

and solemn as they look over the city's life. For four hundred years some of these trees have watched the street grow fair with palaces, and castles and churches wake into being. They themselves are wondrously beautiful types of Nature's architecture, living, growing columns, yearning toward the clouds. They lead the promenade to the terraces on high, and thither you will go to see Verona as the cypress trees can view her. How clearly each campanile lines itself against the blue sky; how brilliantly every globing dome is glistening, how roseately gleams every palace roof, how wonderful the whole marble city proclaims herself. The old Castello San Pietro looms clear over yonder where Theodoric once guarded his city, where Lombard kings grew proud; the battlemented walls, five-strong, reveal themselves encircling the town; and you can see the bridges here and there spanning the Adige, which winds swiftly through the city, a Grand Canal through a little Venice.

A little Venice! Go at night to the Piazza Brà, and then you will recall the nights you have

left behind you on the piazza before Saint Mark's. Here are the cafés, and the chairs in front, and the tables; the people are thronging in from the Via Nuova and promenading across the pavement; the band is playing all joyously; the night is glad, and the care of the day is a thing forgotten. Then do you, stranger you, sit here, watching the gayety of Verona. The huge grey mass of the Arena rises between you and a fair patch of star-lit sky, and makes you wonder what the old Roman workers would say if they could come back and see their walls still here. The great arches, where the wares of the little shops are exchanged for *centesimi* by day, seem quiet enough now, and you know that within the walls there is flitting about the Arena the spirit of Dietrich of Bern, come back to watch the city that was his. And then, as some handsome, confident Veronese youth walks by, you think of that son of the Montecchi who would go to the enemy's banquet *sans ceremonie;* and you think, too, of that faithful Mercutio that Tybalt ended. Then out of the dreams of fancy comes the pale fair face

of the little Juliet sleeping in the seeming death. "Ah, dear Juliet, why art thou yet so fair"—the old loved words still echo in your heart, as the crowds laugh and talk and pass you by, little caring for your visions.

The night wears on; the moon travels slowly across the sky, and the clouds are trailing its brilliance in an unending procession of white. Soon the music ceases, and the throngs dwindle away to seek the peace of home. The Municipio looks sadly upon the emptiness, the tower of the mediaeval gateway is a thing forlorn, the Gran Guardia Vecchia thinks of the men and women it saw three hundred years ago. You are alone with your echoing footsteps, and as you turn homeward you are happy, for you are in love with old Verona and the beauty of her face; in love with the dreams of beauty her name evokes, that visioned something that is delicate and fragile and precious, like the charm of a melting rainbow or the memory of a parting smile.

IX

Lake Como

IT is the hour of peace on lovely Como. It is not sundown, not night, but the little hour between that remembers the kisses of the last gold ray, that welcomes the coming caresses of the moon. The hills across the water still wear that vague violet haze they caught when the sun began to burn low, but even as you watch they are becoming green and soft and cool, already inviting the night winds and the deep shadows and the fragrant dews of summer. It is altogether beauteous, altogether serene. No song pleads in tremulo, no music tinkles afar, but the quietest lull in the world has settled over the placid water; Menaggio's day is done.

That blue water and those hills—you wonder if such beauty lives anywhere else on earth; such still beauty, such fresh beauty, beauty born of enchantment and the magic cup of some long-dead

sylvan genius. This is the beauty that has been glowing before your eyes all the live-long afternoon since you bade adieu to the wet pebbles at Como. And as you watch the blue, impassive water, you feel that it, too, must know what charms it has, and what loveliness looks down upon it from the slopes of the towering hills.

Pleasant it is now, as the evening begins to drift across the lake, in memory to go over the voyage; to instil the soul of life as well as you may into the day's deserted joy. Go back for the moment to the little Como city and forget that Monte Crocione is at your back rising fearlessly against the parting daylight and bringing the shadows to Menaggio.

The traveler finds so much history in Lombardy's greatest city, Milan, that he may reasonably be pardoned for not wishing to delve into the chronicles of Como. Perhaps he is tired of all the history that Italy gives him, and when he reaches Como is in no mood to trace the annals that tell of Etruscan rule, of Roman civilization, of the coming of Belisarius and Narses, of the

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BELLAGIO ON LAKE COMO

war with Milan. But he ought to visit the Duomo, if he wishes to see one of the finest structures of the blended Gothic and Renaissance styles to be found in all Italy. It was commenced about 1396 after designs by Lorenzo degli Spasi. The Renaissance portion is the work of Tommaso Rodari in the next century. The façade, the rose window, and the richly sculptured portals will hold the visitor long in admiration. But always the lake will be calling.

It is not a broad sheet of water that flows down to the city of Pliny, Como-town, now so busy with her silk industry. If it were a river, one could call it a majestic and superb stream; and in truth one feels that one is sailing up a beautiful river, with the shores on either side ever within clear view. Incomparable shores! Not far-stretching green plains, nor easy billowy hills joining hands along the edge of the water, but mountain slopes sometimes eight thousand feet in the air, and peering down upon the lake as on a great cañon stream finding its way between their banks. And all the way those hills are richly wooded with

giant chestnut trees and trees of laurel and olive and wild fig. There are countless little villages cut cameo-like into the hills, their red and white houses clustering like a rose-garden against the green olive trees. There are hundreds of villas, girt about with masses of orange flowers and magnolias and banksia roses and wistaria, and long pergolas of vineyard blossoms; there are cool glens where overhanging branches in their meeting make cathedral archways of twilight; there are tumbling, hurrying cascades flashing in the sunlight like endless ropes of pearls. The great trees on the heights, the fair shrubs on the low banks, the villas, the terraces, the blue gleam of the lake, the blue dome of the sky—it is all that raptured lovers of Italy can wish.

It was only a few hours ago that you left the busy pier at Como. And with the first moments of the first hour the delights of the afternoon began. It probably always has been so on the Larian Lake, even before Virgil and Claudian and Pliny told its fascinations. Quietly you glided out, through the lane of beautiful villas, one of which,

the Villa l'Olmo, is the largest on the lake. Even along these shores has Bonaparte left memories, as he lived in a house here in 1797. Then you soon reached Cernobbio, a little town that boasts a thousand souls, and one could almost truthfully say, as many villas. The Villa d'Este, now a hotel, is one of the three or four most famous palaces on the lake, the home of the queen of George the Fourth of England one hundred years ago. Across the water you saw many another splendid house glistening in the afternoon sun.

Farther up the lake the Villa Pliniana lies under the cliffs beneath the great cypresses and the shadowy laurels, and rises from the edge of the lake on tiers of terraces. It carries one back far beyond the sixteenth century that saw its building. For possibly upon its site once stood one of the younger Pliny's many homes. Near it, perhaps you know, is an interesting spring which rises and falls every day. To-day if the puzzled beholder remembers his school days well, he will recall something of what that classic letter-writer of ancient Roman times wrote to his friend:

". . . it falls into the Larian Lake. There is a very strange phenomenon attaching to it, for three times each day it rises and falls with unchanging uniformity of volume. Near by you may recline and eat a meal, and drink from the spring itself, as the water is cold. . . ." You would be glad to know now if it was beside this icy spring that Pliny wrote those other letters that are favorites of yours, and planned the library and schools for his "darling" city down the lake.

Nesso lies beyond, with its leaping, foaming waterfall and picturesque ravine, and Argegno by the Val d'Intelvi, and then Isola Comacina, the only island in the entire lake. There are probably few that sail past who remember that this island was the one unconquered spot during the Lombard invasion, and that it became the refuge for the traditions of Latin civilization, as barbarism swept through northern Italy.

For a little now it is possible to see the snows on the Alpine heights, but one forgets the far white peaks to look upon the promontory of Lavedo that juts out into the lake to show the

passing boat the lovely, deserted Villa Arconati. Just around the promontory in the bay rests Lenno, where Pliny's villa "Comedy" stood. Soon the boat turns in toward the pier of Tremezzo.

From Tremezzo to Cadenabbia is as fair a stretch as one may wish to scan on a sunny afternoon. Garden and villa and glade, color, sunshine, a mile of magnificence, that invites a survey one cannot justly make from ship deck. Even a passing view of the Villa Carlotta or of the Castello Ronconi is a dip into the fountains of enchantment. Opposite Cadenabbia, at the end of the promontory that divides the lake, is the delightful Bellagio, the last port of call before the boat reaches Menaggio. In a brief moment you step on to the pier, at the journey's end. . . .

After the glories of the southland, and—can one deny it—the weariness that comes in grasping glory, there is no place that will give the traveler more rest and relaxation than will Menaggio, or Bellagio, or Cadenabbia. To watch the sun dance and glitter on the sapphire waters, to watch the last rays burn golden in the west, to watch the

bronzed mountains change to green, to watch the moon dawn from behind the great cypress trees—you need do no more in these little towns. But it is pleasant to sit beneath the trees near the lake-side at leisure with a favorite book. Or here you may while long hours in delightful conversation on hitherto unconsidered subjects, from the color of unseen flowers to the length of the road that winds far away into the fields quite out of sight. Or you may saunter idly through the streets, visiting the shops where the native silks are sold, watching the children playing along the byways, stopping if you will at the little church and the taper-lit shrines beside the path.

If the fever of the road gets into your blood again, and the desire to see the world all about that the sun is shining on so gladly, there will be no bar to your wishes at Menaggio, for the roads are long unto weariness, and the high hills are green and blossomy, and the gardens of the gods are asking you to come.

Some bright morning set out early before the dew has left the roses beneath your window, and

travel down the road that comes from Cadenabbia. It is a winding way, now in shadows, now in the glow of the full sun, and there are asphodels by the wayside, and golden-hued laburnums, and the columbines are growing within your very reach. Soon will you arrive at your destination, Loveno Superiore, one thousand feet above your own gardens. The Villa Vigoni is here, and from its terraces you will be glad to look down upon the valley.

There lies Lake Como, blue and shimmering in the sunlight, reaching forth its three arms in the direction of Colico and Lecco and Como. Menaggio is beneath you, advancing gracefully into the bay, her houses showing red and white amid the giant cypresses. Over the sparkling lake Varenna sits beneath the ruins of the Torre del Vizio. Midway the two and looking impartially upon both of the tiny cities, stands Bellagio on the wooded promontory of Serbelloni, which cleaves the lovely Como waters in twain. It is a happy hour you may spend up here on the heights, gazing down on the dream cities of the valley, and

watching the sunlight glisten on the lake. You will think Pliny was wise to build at Bellagio his villa "Tragedy" as a supplement to the "Comedy" near Lenno; you will approve of Virgil's whilings on Como; and you may well wonder how many other Latin gentlemen sought the gracious rest that dwells among the hills and glens of this region. Then as you look down, thoughts more grim may come, and misty visions of armies vast and terrible that once marched down the borders of the lake. For it was through the passes about this Larian Lake and the lakes behind, Lugano and Maggiore, that the Roman foes of old broke into the fair plains of Lombardy. The war-song of Gaul, Carthaginian, and Goth made echoes through the vales, as the long lines of fighting men saw the Alps behind them and the coveted Italy at their feet. But it is to Monte Generoso, between Como and Lugano, that you must go if you would look upon Europe's great battlefield itself.

Down the curving road, and to the lake-side again. Noon-tide is pleading with you to seek the

shadows of the veranda, and it is usually safe to follow the bidding of the skies.

But there are afternoons also in Menaggio, as you soon learn; and they are not for the *siesta* merely, important though that may be. It is on an afternoon, no doubt, that you will take a motor-boat for Cadenabbia down the bay. The water will be sparkling in the sunbeams, and the little foamy waves will flake off your keel full prettily, leaving a long, widening film of futile commotion behind. And then in a few minutes you see Cadenabbia and the Villa Carlotta, the most exquisite villa that the upper Como waters can show you. Climb the steps near the fountain, pass the rose-shaded terrace into the lower hall, and you are ready to walk through the gardens once owned by the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen.

They are indescribably beautiful, these grounds enclosing the villa that wins its name from the daughter of Princess Albrecht of Prussia. There are terraces here that rise gracefully to meet a lily-bordered walk; there are wonderful trees, exotic, some of them, lindens, chestnuts, pines,

acacias, cedars, palms, magnolias; there are trellises of lemons and pergolas of oranges, touching the green world with gold; there are flowers, fragile flowers, hardy flowers, geranium, mignonette, the scarlet pomegranate, the gracious oleander, beds of lilies of the valley, soft and white, and carnations, and narcissus, and roses, full-blown, marvelous roses, white and red and golden. You will walk in narrow lanes through groves that close away the sky, to come unexpectedly on a rock-girt, fern-fringed ravine, through which a rushing torrent pours noisily over huge boulders to an outlet in the hidden distance. Or you will fare through cool glades, with the sunlight filtering through the interstices of the feathery boughs and challenging the twilight. And in your path you will pass over moss-bordered bridges spanning rippling, tinkling little streams, until at last you reach a smooth green open court in the pure full sunshine. What a prospect is here! Below you lies the opalescent lake, with a thousand sun-born diamonds sinking and rising, ever rising and sinking; across the water soar the crenellated peaks

of the hills, a misty blue background in the afternoon; Bellagio, fair and serene as a necklace of pink and white coral, watches from the point; and over you hang the dark-blue depthless skies of Italy. Small wonder when again you cross the rose-shaded terrace and descend the steps past the spraying fountain that you feel that once more has the opening verse of *Endymion* proved true. Even the streaming grandeur of the late sun-gleam on the water as you speed homeward must yield to-day to the radiant memories of the enchanted gardens behind.

At Bellagio—who can forget the hours that the little city has crowded with joy? The Villa Serbelloni, the Villa Giula, the Villa Melzi, with their magnificent grounds; the long fair sweep of Como's waters toward Gravedona and Colico; the Lago di Lecco bidding adieu to the mother sea and flowing on to Lecco; the sister branch continuing the mission of beauty toward Como; the fruitful terraced mountains across the water, to right, to left, with trellised vines and stretches of maize looking down upon cross-tipped chapels

and stuccoed cottages; the motorboats flashing in the bay; the steamer leaving the landing and furrowing over to Tremezzo; the crimson sky at sunset; the twilight shadows creeping over the still grandeur of mountain and lake; the little stars beaming from the blue; the moon rising, and glowing in fairy effulgence over all the sea and land: Bellagio will never be forgotten by those who have sought her charms.

But the end will come to all this. You will rise some lovely morning, very early, perhaps, and go out upon the wide lawn or into the garden that slopes toward the lake. The air will be keen and fragrant, the birds will be piping in the joy of dawn, the earth will be glad of its freshness and its greenness, and a glistening veil of dew will be clinging to its morning face. The flowers will be redder than ever, and whiter than ever, and yellower and bluer than they were on the yesterday. And the lake will be a flawless gem resting against the blue-grey setting of the hills.

But for you there will be a touch of sadness everywhere in this scene of joy. The notes of

the gold-finches will seem to verge into plaintive strain; the low, gentle whispering of the wavelets against the sand will seem to be a sobbing of tears; the pungent, penetrant sweetness of the moist green earth will seem not so grateful to the soul as in the morns of the past. For to-day is your last full day on Lake Como.

To-day you will walk for the last time through the little streets that you love so much and will miss so much, but which will live quite happily without you. You will see the Italian peasant women plying their household tasks with hopeful hearts; you will see the venders of silk displaying their fair-hued wares in the shaded shops; and the little children will run past you as they chase one another in and out the alleys. The forenoon will wear away and slip into the after hours when the pink and white stucco houses begin to think of rest, and the wine-shops of the playing of *mora* and the twanging of mandolins and much singing of song.

When at a later hour you come out here into the evening, the twilight is gliding into deeper

dusk. The steamer has long ago gone, and the ripples have all been smoothed out, and the shadow of the mountain is growing darker on the water. The last foot-fall of the singing workmen returning homeward from the vineyards has ceased echoing along the roadway. Nature has placed her mute on her music, bidding her bees and her birds to seek the places of rest and wait for another sun-shine. The murmur of the fountain hushes to a monotone, and then falls quietly to sleep.

Night comes, and the stars. Up from the village is borne the melody of a mandolin and a fair young voice, a slender thread of music blowing across the dark; and from down the lake floats occasionally the soft far tinkle of the bells of the fishermen. Now a flash of a torch on a boat crossing the bay compels your attention. And when the moon fails, you may see the searchlight of the revenue cutter pierce the darkness with its long spear of gleam, only to leave the shadows deeper than before. At the white beach, when a gentle breeze breaks the peace of anchorage, the

little boats are nodding to one another, as if telling in a mystic sign language of their day's journeying. Even now would they wish to join the fisher-boats, and skim across the lake toward the lights of Varenna, which glow so fascinatingly on the opposite shore.

Night can be glorious at Como. How many nights have you watched those stars blossom forth, and that moon ride aloft, now in crescent, now in half-circle, finally in all-blown brilliance. How many times have you read the thoughts of the contemplative lake, as the bright hours sped away. How often have you joyed in looking upon your own white villa etched against the dark mass of the trees. But to-night there is a difference in it all. It is the difference that has been haunting you all day, through the forenoon and the dreamy afternoon and in the twilight—and now. For to-morrow, even while the odors of the new day will be fresh, and the flowers and the birds will have ever so many whisperings for you, and the groves of ilex and pine will be calling and calling, to-morrow must you hasten into the

hills. So now while the glory of the moon is full upon you, and upon the velvet grass, and the blue hydrangeas, and the pebbled walk, and the sleeping fountain, and the Greek columns of the great porch yonder, while the peaceful lake is a dreaming splendor, all silver to the night, it is best to say farewell. But there is no word of parting that can measure your heart of love; there is no tender song that can voice your grateful soul; there is no smile, no tear, that can tell the princess of the world the exquisite keenness of your pain, as you pass from her caring and her face into the far away.

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